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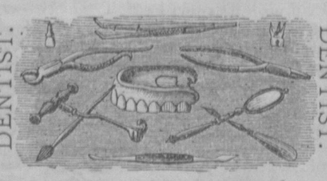
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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII. MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1879. NUMBER 33.

POETRY.

A Great Secret.

My friend, here's a secret
By which you may thrive;
I am fifty years old,
And my wife's forty-five—

A queen among beauties,
The wedding guests said,
When we went to the church
With the priest and were wed.

That's thirty years past;
And I can avow,
She was no more a beauty
To me then than now.

For never the scath of a
Petulent frown
Has ploughed with its furrows
Her young roses down.

And still, like a girl, when
Her praises I speak,
Her heart fairly blushes
Itself through her cheek.

Her smile is more tender
For being less bright;
And the little bit powder
That makes her hair white.

And all the soft patience
That shows through her face,
In my eyes, is only
Like grace upon grace.

For still we are lovers,
As I am alive.
Though I, sir, am fifty,
And she's forty-five!

And here's half the secret
I mean to unfold,
She don't know, my friend,
Not the least, how to scold!

Nor does she get pettish,
And sulk to a pout,
So, since we fell in love,
We never fell out!

And here's the full secret
That saves us from strife:
I kept her a sweetheart,
In making her wife!

And if you but wed on
My pattern you'll thrive,
For I, sir, am fifty,
My wife forty-five!

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

There is scarcely any thing more unfortunate for a man than the absence of loving women around his childhood and youth. Mark Ripon had never known such women, and I offer this fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them.

He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation in Baxtersgate, Ripon; and, as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution.

Wholesome food, stout clothing, and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for, after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least £50,000.

But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the veriest pauper. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart. He had no home, no mother, and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn.

Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love it was with a pretty flirt infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his chagrin and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and, like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own idea was a fresh confirmation of it.

But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a crusty old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd, and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, and his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being it was George Downes, though as the latter grew up to manhood he gave him a great deal of anxiety. For George preferred the society of women, and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness.

One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a vestry meeting, he met George in the Cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him.

George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay his expenses if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's bank, and preferred a home." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.

George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded all his advices and entreaties.

He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly increasing interest. In fact he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who, in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a power that was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom, and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the coils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.

In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements; but neither her smiles, nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. He had gone through that delusion once, and was not to be deceived again. It was one great point in his favor that George had taken a house in such a situation that he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that sooner or later he would prove her all that he believed women universally to be.

But month after month went by, and George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home, over the way from Mark's, a fine little boy, that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl, whom not even Mark could yet find in his heart to regard as false and dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. George Downes that expensive said to be contingent on every rule, when suddenly all his suspicions were forced into active life and prominence.

One day—a very wet one—a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs. George, heavily cloaked and veiled, was driven away in it.

"Very well, ma'am," said Mark, suspiciously, to himself, "we shall see whether you confess to having been out to-day."

So he went over to George's, played a rubber or two with his favorite, and tried every way to induce a confession as to the drive in the rain; but the young wife would make no allusion to it. This was on Monday. On Tuesday, at the same hour, the carriage came again, and George's wife went away in it. The next week she went on three different days, and twice, the weather being fine, he noticed that she wore her very best satin dress, the rich brocade that had been one of her wedding suits.

The affair was beginning to look very black to Mark, for he had satisfied himself that George had been told nothing whatever of these clandestine excursions. On the next Monday he had a carriage waiting, and when the lady went out again he directed the driver to keep her well in sight. In this way he followed her, beyond the aristocratic precincts of the city, to a little house set back in a garden quite in the suburbs. A very handsome, foreign-looking man met her at the door, and led her with many smiles into the house.

Mark sent his carriage home, and, in spite of the cold, patiently waited. After an interval of two hours Mrs. Downe's carriage returned, the same gentleman put her carefully into it, and she must have driven at once home, for when Mark passed the house she was sitting in her plain merino dress at the window, nursing his namesake. She ran to the door and begged himto come in, but Mark was full of his discovery, and answered, gruffly, "Ask George to come to me after dinner; I have something to tell him."

George heard what his godfather had to say, with a face half angry and half incredulous. "It must have been my wife's sister," he said. Mark laughed scornfully at such a defense, and, moreover, stoutly asserted that it was Mrs. Downes, and not Mrs. Downes' sister. "Come on Thursday, and see for yourself, George."

"If I do, godfather, it will not be because I suspect my wife, but because I am sure to prove you wrong."

Still George thought it singular that he could not by the most adroit questioning get from his wife any allusion to these mysterious visits. At length he said, "Emma, I will ask for Thursday afternoon, and we will go out to Aldborough Woods, and get the holly and misletoe for Christmas. What do you say?"

"I can't go Thursday, George, dear; I have so much to do."

"What have you to do?"

"More than I can tell you. Is it not near Christmas, and does not this imply all sorts of housekeeping duties?" But I will go with you Friday, dear."

George was a little cross at the refusal, and answered, gloomily, "No; he had lost the wish to go now." Then both were silent, and the evening was not a pleasant one. All the next day he told himself that he would not go and watch his wife Thursday; yet when the day came he was sitting with his godfather at the window. At the usual hour the carriage arrived, and Mrs. Downes, with her hair as elaborately dressed as if she was going to a state dinner at the bishop's palace, ran down the steps, and was soon driven rapidly away.

"Well, godfather," he said pleasantly, "That is Emma, certainly, and she is very remarkably dressed; but, for all that, I am sure she has some reason for what she is doing. I believe I will wait until she tells me."

"Don't be such a fool, George; go and question your servants."

After a little reflection, George crossed to his own house and rang the bell. The housemaid seemed astonished at his appearance, and when he asked where her mistress was, said she had not seen her since she had taken her orders for dinner. Then George went up to the nursery. "Where is your mistress, Ann?"

"Is she not in the parlor, sir?"

"You know she is not. Where did she go in the carriage?"

"Indeed, sir, it is my business to mind the children; the mistress knows her own affairs, without the likes of me meddling in them."

He turned round impatiently, went back to Mark Ripon, and got an accurate description of the house to which he had traced Mrs. George; and in half an hour the half curious and half-angry husband stopped at the pretty cottage. All was quiet without it, there was no appearance of company, and it looked almost deserted in its wintry garden.

An exceedingly lovely woman, though evidently in frail and failing health, opened the door for him, saying, in an inquiring voice, "You want the signor, sir?"

"No, I wish to see Mrs. Downes; she is here, I believe?"

"Ah, yes; she is here. If you will, please go up one stairs. I am so weak and tired always."

She pointed to the stairs, and George went thoughtfully up them. Half way up there was a little landing and a door, and here he heard a strange, musical voice, and then his wife's merry laugh to its observation. It nettled George; he knocked sharply, and before an answer could be given opened the door and went into the room.

"Oh, George, how provoking! What made you come, dear?"

His wife was sitting in all her bridal finery on a little elevated platform, and Signor Sarti was putting the last touches on a very lovely portrait of her.

"I meant it for your Christmas gift, George, and you have peeped beforehand. Is not that too bad?"

"Indeed it is, Emma." But Emma was almost satisfied with his peeping, so proudly and lovingly did he take her home.

"How did you find me out, George?"

"Oh, you are easy to find out, Emma. Of course I knew if you went out in a carriage, that you got the carriage at Morrel's. But how do you come to know this Frenchman?"

"You think all foreigners are Frenchmen, George. He is an Italian, and so is his beautiful wife. He came from London to paint my lord bishop and the cathedral, and the signora was so much better here that he resolved to spend the winter in Yorkshire, and try and make enough to take her home to Italy in the spring. My lord asked me to have my picture done, and papa paid for it in order to surprise you. I think, George dear, you had better not let papa know you have spoiled his surprise."

George felt more and more sorry and humiliated as he looked in the pretty, frank face, and thought how cheerfully, after all, she had taken the forestallment of her Christmas secret.

"I will do as you say, Emma. Has the signor plenty of work?"

"He is painting many of the principal ladies in the city. The bishop thinks very highly of him. Indeed, I have seen his lordship there at nearly all my visits."

George let the subject drop now as quickly as possible to Emma; but he talked a good deal about it—and in no very good temper—to his godfather. For once Mark had no excuse for his suspicions. He was quite awed by the fact that he had dared to think wrong of interviews which the bishop had arranged and honored with his presence.

He had lost faith in his own penetration regarding the sex, and George and Emma were at some pains to convince him that good and true women are the rule, and not the exception.

And though I cannot describe exactly how it came about, I know that the next Christmas Mark was the gayest old bachelor in Ripon, and opened the festival ball at George's house with Signor Sarti's handsome sister—the very same lady whom the bishop himself, very soon afterward, made Mrs. Mark Ripon.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE TWO MURPHY'S.

A good story is told of the Irish comedian Joe Murphy.

It was during the "blue-ribbon" excitement, and Joe was journeying to a small town in the vicinity of Pittsburg. As the train steamed into the depot it was boarded by half a dozen men, who, after a hurried conference with the conductor, approached the comedian with beaming faces.

"Mr. Murphy, I believe," said the spokesman, hat in hand.

"At your service, sir," replied Joe.

"Delighted to meet you, sir. We are a committee appointed to take you in charge," and they fairly dragged the astonished Joe from the car, placed him in a carriage, and they were whirled swiftly away.

"God bless us," thought the expo- ent of Irish peculiarities. "This is very kind. Never was in this town before. A man's reputation does travel, that's a fact."

In a short time they reached the hotel and the committee, having placed Joe in the best parlor suite, prepared to depart.

"We will call on you after supper, Mr. Murphy," said the spokesman.

"One moment, gentlemen," cried St. Joseph, as he pulled the bell-cord vigorously, "waiter, drinks for the party."

"Drinks!" shrieked the conclave in a chorus. "Mr. Murphy are you mad?"

"Mad?" echoed Joe, "not a bit of it. Name your beverages, gentlemen."

"Oh, this is terrible blacksliding," said one. "Francis Murphy ordering drinks."

"Francis Murphy," repeated the perplexed Joe. "I'm Joe Murphy, the comedian."

They saw it all, and rushed wildly from the room in search of the temperance apostle, who was even then toiling painfully from the depot on foot, "toting" a huge carpet bag.

Both of the Murphy's drew large audiences that night.

HE WASN'T SMOKING.

We heard this story of an old resident of Newmarket the other day, and think it worth printing: Some forty or fifty years ago there dwelt here an eccentric genius called "Admiral" Caverly, who was as keen as a razor, and always had his wits about him. One day he went toPortsmouth on business, an', after transacting his affairs, proceeded to enjoy himself by strolling through the streets with pipe in mouth, not knowing or caring that the authorities of that staid old town had recently enacted a law forbidding any one from smoking in the streets or public places. Pretty soon along came an officer, who tapped the "Admiral" on the shoulder and said:

"Ah, my friend, smoking, are you? I shall have to arrest and fine you for breaking the law in regard to smoking on the public thoroughfare."

The "Admiral" had removed his pipe from his mouth when he saw the officer approaching, and now replied that he wasn't smoking.

"Not smoking?" says the policeman. "Why, I saw the pipe in your mouth as I came up."

"Oh, well to be sure, I *did* have my pipe in my mouth, but then it wasn't loaded."

"But I saw the smoke."

"Guess not; there isn't any tobacco in it. Just try it for yourself, and see if there is."

The officer took the pipe, and, putting it between his lips, drew on it several times, and found it alight and in good condition for a smoke.

"Ah," says he, "now I've got you. The pipe is going. Come, march along."

"Hold on, my friend," says the "Admiral;" "I guess you have broken the law, too. You have been smoking in the street as well as I. So you arrest me, and I'll arrest you."

The officer saw the point, and let the old man off.—*Newmarket (N. H.) Advertiser.*

RATHER A NICE MAN, BUT—.

"I say, Charley," said a young swell the other day, "I've struck a new sort of prospective father-in-law. You see I got mashed, terribly mashed, on a little one, and she asked me to call. So I went down the other evening. The governor came to the door, and I thought it was all up. Expected the traditional boot, you know; but he was very gentlemanly, asked me into his library, chatted on politics and trade, set up the cigars, had a bottle of wine opened, and did me proud. Invited me to call again, too. But hang me if I had a chance to set eyes on the girl. Singular, wasn't it?"—*New Haven Register.*

A GOOD-NATURED WOMAN OF MORE VALUE THAN GOLD.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I see by the last JOURNAL that one of your correspondents has written a few words of advice to old maids, and I was much pleased with it, although the writer is a stranger to me. I think that "Hearts' Ease" gives good advice, so I will try to continue the subject, and I hope others will be encouraged to do the same.

"Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife," but he must do his part towards making her cheerful. It is easy for a man to marry a happy woman, but the bride, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear and going to bed without speaking to her; of his bringing some one home to dinner without warning or preparation; of his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as the gas bill.

A wife begins her new life determined to be happy, and it is not her fault that she does always succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and a great effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of recurring constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of wedded life is not so easily lost as a fortune; therefore a word to the young folks contemplating double bliss may not be amiss.

To you, young man, treat your wife in the same affectionate manner that you did in the happy days of courtship. Never leave the house without a pleasant word to her. Believe me, she will treasure it up in her heart all the day long, and will go about her work with a song and a smile on her lips. Remember that she has much to annoy in her domestic life, and do not bring home the care and worry of the shop or store with you, but greet her with a kiss, and listen to the thousand and one little things that go to make up the cares and pleasures of her daily life. Give her a word of praise. You may rest assured that she will redouble her efforts to make you a happy home.

And, to the girls, beware of the man who does not know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sumbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband at all. If you want a husband find somebody else, somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honey-moon. And if you want such a man I will meet you—

"When the swallows homeward fly,"
"When the bloom is on the rye"
"And the corn is gently waving," Geraldine, dear.
"I will meet you at the gate,"
Though it may be rather late,
And, for the one hundredth time, pour taffy
In your ear.

RAMBLER.

JACKSON CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I fully intended writing some news some time ago, but I was waiting until I got acquainted with the deaf-mutes of this city.

On Sunday, the 27th ult., Mr. Blood, a deaf-mute, held an interesting service for the deaf-mutes at Mr. J. J. Borden's residence. There was a good attendance.

The deaf-mutes of this city are preparing to have a place for services every Sunday. Perhaps they will have it ready for next Sunday.

We, the deaf-mutes, are sorry to learn about Rev. A. W. Mann's illness, and we hope he will recover his health and make us a visit as soon as possible.

Mrs. Blood, formerly Miss Ella Lane, a graduate of the Michigan Institution, was a classmate of Miss Marsella Wilcox at that institution, and they are great friends.

Miss Burt, a pupil of the Michigan Institution, is spending her vacation in this city, and is staying at Mrs. Nerr's residence. She is fine-looking.

On Friday evening last I met an uneducated deaf-mute girl, and got acquainted with her. I asked her what was her name. She could not understand what I was asking her. She only understands the signs. She told me, by signs, that she is working in a hotel in this city, but could not tell the name of the hotel where she works. I asked her, by signs, "Did you ever attend any school?" The reply, by signs, was that she attended school four years. It was a surprise to me that she could not tell me her name nor the name of the hotel where she works; and I could not find out what school she attended. I think she was at the Michigan Institution. I never met a deaf-mute like that uneducated lady.

It is said that there are 800 prisoners in the Michigan State Prison at Jackson.

I am intending to make a visit at the Michigan Institution the middle of this month, and will stay in Flint about a month or so.

On Saturday evening last we had a rain storm and lightning. It rained all night. Some farmers' residences were burned to the ground by lightning.

Yours truly,
JOHN BROOKS.
Jackson, Mich., August 4, 1879.

AN INDIAN DETECTIVE.

An Indian, meeting a white man one morning, asked "if he had seen a little, old white man with a short gun and a small dog with a short tail?" and added, "That's the man who stole my venison."

Upon being answered in the negative, the white man said:

"How do you know all these particulars about a thief that you have never seen?"

The Indian replied: "I know he was a small man because he piled up some stones so that he could reach the venison where I had hung it on a tree. I know he was a white man because his tracks toe out, whereas an Indian toes in. I know he was an old man by the peculiarity of his step. I know he had a short gun by the marks made by the muzzle and the butt where he leaned it against the tree, and I know he had a small dog with a short tail by the impression the dog left on the ground where he lay down."

These were the clews which the quick, sharp eye of the Indian discovered and enabled him to know what kind of a person had stole his food. And such trivial things as there are what detectives search for when seeking clews which may lead to the detection of criminals.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

HE TOOK NOTES.

The other day a boy of 13, who looked very innocent and child-like as he reposed under a shade tree on Beech st., roused up when joined by another lad of his own age and confidently inquired:

"Well, did you make obervashuns?"

"I did," was the reply.

"And we kin hook the apples and not git cotched, kin we?"

"You wait a minute," commanded the other as he held an old shingle up to the light to enable him to read the following *notes* in pencil:

"Went down in front of house; saw old woman with club; saw dog layin' low for us; saw red-headed girl reddy to ring cow-bell and give alarm; saw man inside breathin' hard and achin' to kill a boy; hull fam'ly looked me in eye; pressure too heavy, and I backed off; nice appuls, them, but under the circumstances I guess we'd better keep on chewin' ole lemons."

"'Nother disappointment added to our burdens," sighed the first, and they loafed on.—*Detroit Press.*

HE GAVE IT UP.

One of the poets of the First Empire, Nepomucence Lemercier, wrote a tragedy whose hero was Christopher Columbus. He had in it violated the unities, which Frenchmen for years considered an inviolale law of tragedy. When Lemercier's piece was played the students hissed it with great vehemence. Napoleon admired him, and when he heard the tragedy had been hissed he ordered it to be played again. It was again hissed. He became furious. He ordered it played a third time, and went to the theatre, accompanied by a regiment of soldiers. The first and second acts were heard in silence. It was at the third act that the hisses were most vigorous. When the curtain rose on the third act Napoleon leaned over his box and looked at the students to see if they would dare to oppose his known will in his presence. What should he see but the whole audience, from the pit to the last tier, wearing nightcaps, and pretending to be fast asleep. The sight was so odd, Napoleon couldn't help laughing, and he gave up attempting to support the tragedy.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Some days ago Thomas Chancey, who lives near Big Indian Creek, in Houston county, Georgia, shouldered his rifle and went to the swamp hunting for squirrels. Soon after entering the swamp his dog treed a squirrel, and Chancey began looking for the game. While thus engaged he observed an ox feeding around near by, but did not apprehend any danger from him. While walking around the tree he was suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by the ox. He says the first thing he knew he found himself being lifted into the ethereal regions on the horns of his oxship. He held on to his rifle, and the ox continued throwing him up and catching him as he descended, between his horns, until finally the hammer of the rifle came in contact with a bush, which discharged the gun and caused the stampede of the beast. Chancey had a narrow escape from death, as the ball from his rifle passed under his clothing and burnt the skin near a vital part of his body.

The bell used by the President of the French Chamber of Deputies dates from the Empire. It bears an eagle, the letter "N," and the inscription "Hommage au President de l'Asseblee Legislatiff; par A. Fichet." The desks and tribune of the Senate come from the Hall of the Counseil des Anbiens, and those of the Chamber of deputies from the Hall of Council of the Five Hundred.

☞ Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 14, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

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Mr. P. H. Jones' Seventy-fourth Birthday Surprise.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Jones, an aged and respectable couple, reside about a mile south of the village of Pulaski, Oswego county, N. Y. They have long been hard-working, economical, thrifty, and industrious people, and are the father and mother of a large family of children, among whom are two deaf-mute sons, Milton A. and Lawrence N.

Monday, August 11th, was the 74th birthday of the head of the family. Remembering, as every dutiful son and daughter does, their parents' watchful kindness over them in their youth and solicitude for them after growing to maturity, Milton and Lawrence, a short time since, conceived the idea of evidencing their gratitude towards their father in some pleasant manner. Accordingly they went quietly at the pleasing task of preparing a surprise for him, in which complete success crowned their well-directed efforts.

About 90 persons were present at the gathering in honor of Mr. Jones' birthday anniversary, mostly relatives, including gentlemen of hoary heads, matronly ladies, middle-aged persons, those of younger years, and children, among whom were a large number of Mr. and Mrs. Jones' grandchildren. Mr. Jones was absent from home upon the arrival of the guests, and when invited and taken to his home was so overcome by the surprise that he was affected to tears—of joy.

Under the immediate directions of Milton Jones, a long, rough table was laid in the shade in front of the house, and heavily laded with refreshments, including ice-cream, brought in baskets by the surprising party. Two sittings at the table were necessary, at each of which a short prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel Call, pastor of the Pulaski M. E. Church.

After partaking of an abundance of the good things provided, a general pleasant time was enjoyed by all present.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are highly respected by their neighbors and acquaintances, and are well-to-do people; and they are very much endeared to their children, to whom they have rendered much pecuniary assistance. Years ago they resided on a large farm two miles farther from the village than where they now live, where they were largely engaged in dairy farming. On the shady side of the stream of life, they retired from the more onerous burdens and cares of extensive farming to a smaller place, where they are now enjoying much happiness and comfort, and the homes of several of their children are not far from them.

Ourself, wife, and little daughter were honored with invitations. Mrs. Rider, having been in ill-health for a short time past, was unable to attend, but ourself and daughter accepted and were very much pleased with the party, as were all present.

CHURCH WORK.

Prof. Job Turner is to hold services in the following places during August and September:

Sunday, August 10, Concord, N. H.
Wednesday, " 13, somewhere at the White Mountains.
Sunday, Aug. 17, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Wed'day, " 20, Newburyport, Mass.
Sunday, " 24, Damariscotta, Me.
Wed'day, " 27, Buffalo, N. Y., or Saco, Me.
Sunday, Aug. 31, Nashua, N. H.
Wed'day, Sept. 3, Manchester, N. H.
Sunday, " 7, Lawrence, Mass.
Wed'day, " 10, Martha's Viney'd.
Sunday, " 14, New York city.
Tuesday, " 16, Bridgeport, Conn.
Wed'day, " 17, New Haven, Conn.
Friday, " 19, Springfield, Mass.
Sunday, " 21, Worcester, Mass.
Tuesday, " 23, Fitchburg, Mass.
Thursday, " 25, Keene, N. H.
Sunday, " 28, Norwich, Conn.
Tuesday, " 30, Blackstone, Mass.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

MR. Charles S. Newell spent the 4th of July at Brighton Beach.

THE *Educator* for July has a fine leader entitled "Adaptation."

C. O. Upham, of Watertown, and E. E. Miles, of Syracuse, think of attending the Buffalo convention.

JONAS H. Roberts lately visited G. E. Kohler at York, Pa. Mr. Roberts is, we are informed, going west.

JOHN A. Trundle, of Lickville, Md., is going to the National Deaf-Mute College on the 16th of September.

MR. McFaul will run a 100-yard scratch race for a silver watch in Elm Park, New York, on the 13th of August.

MR. James H. Diamond, President of the Manhattan Literary Association, will spend his vacation in Philadelphia.

DR. Porter, of the New York Institution, has been recuperating at Saratoga. The doctor returned on Tuesday, August 5th.

REV. A. W. Mann is slowly improving from his illness. His physician advises entire rest and quiet during the month of August.

MR. E. Souweine is working at engraving at No. 14 Ann street, New York. Mr. Souweine returned from Cincinnati last June.

TIMOTHY Driscott is the leading light among the pupils at the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, New York.

W. O. Fitzgerald began his vacation last week. He contemplates visiting some of the watering-places, and will, perhaps, do a little blue-fishing.

J. J. Blackstock, William Slattery, M. McFaul, Charles O'Brien, A. Emmons, and John O'Brien had a jovial time in New York city on the 2d of August.

IT is said that Miss Hannah Conor is engaged to marry a Mr. Wilkinson, of Connecticut. Mr. W. is, we believe, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College.

MR. Thomas F. Fox, the valedictorian and medal-winner at the New York Institution, expects to attend the Empire State Association convention at Buffalo.

MISS Ella Dillingham, who carried off the prize for excellence in the sign-language at the last examination at the New York Institution, is summering at the Catskill Mountains.

HENRY Smith, of Brooklyn, works at the butchering business. Henry is an amateur pedestrian of no mean merit, having won one medal and nearly captured several others.

ISAAC A. Blanchard, of Charlestown, Mass., a graduate of the New York Institution, will go to New York the 1st of September to stay two months visiting relatives and friends.

MR. John H. Prince visited the New York Institution lately. Mr. Prince graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College this year, and expects to teach at the Texas Institution next fall.

THOMAS Holland, a graduate of the New York Institution, has learned the cigar-making trade. Judging from Tom's nobby suit of clothes, making cigars pays much better than smoking them.

ELSEWHERE in our paper we publish a letter, under the heading "Reduced fares to the convention," which should be especially noticed by persons going over that route to the Buffalo convention.

THE subject of a national deaf-mute convention in 1880 is received with favor on all sides. After it is a settled fact, Bond will, doubtless, take a hand in. For the sake of respectability, keep the ruffian out.

BOND has been seen at a Manhattan Literary Association meeting with a collar on. There is now some hope of his becoming respectable after a while; but he must remember that all his sins can't be covered by a shirt collar.

WE were last week shown some specimen stalks of oats by Mr. Milton A. Jones, of Sand Hill, which were raised by his brother, Lawrence N. Jones, living near him, and which measured five feet and two inches in length.

JAMES Petit, who was injured while working on the elevated railroad, at One Hundred and Tenth street, New York, after laying idle for four weeks, has resumed work again. His boss has magnanimously paid him for the time lost by reason of his injuries.

THE second picnic, this season, of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, will take place at Nantasket Beach August 20th. Our informant sent us no particulars, but we presume that a cordial invitation is extended and that a good day for enjoyment is anticipated.

W. A. Bond, not content with throwing mud, has turned to plagiarizing. In his last issue he takes a poem from the JOURNAL, and, after changing a few words, prints it as the composition of a mythical correspondent in Chicago. It seems impossible to get the truth from him.

MR. C. W. Caraway was in Norfolk, Va., a few days ago on his way to Washington, D. C., where he was going to take out letters patent on an agricultural implement (the writer failed to state the kind) of his own invention. Mr. Caraway is said to be quite a mechanical genius, and has, it is said, been offered a large sum, but refused it, for his patent.

MOLLIN Wells, of San Francisco, says he often reads the false reports of the death of Matthew Clark. He says that Mr. Clark is not exactly dead, but, on the contrary, that he (Wells) has been to Eureka, Nev., three times, and that Clark is there employed as a "feeder" for a furnace; furthermore he says Clark has been at work in the same place, working eight hours a day at $4 per day several years.

W. A. Bond found a new way of "raising the wind" some time ago. Employing another deaf-mute to talk the matter up for him, he advised the loan of $50 from the treasury of the Manhattan Literary Association, under the pretext that it would be used for the benefit of the latter. The money was loaned, Bond got hold of it, and used it for the benefit of his paper. Will the society give it up peacefully?

A Watertown, N. Y., writer informs us that C. H. Cooper, of that city, went to Buffalo on the 6th inst., that he is a guest of Dr. R. V. Pierce's Hotel, and will stay as long as his absence from home will permit, perhaps until after the convention of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association, that Mr. Cooper highly recommends the Turkish bath, that it always does him (Cooper) good, and he advises all to take a bath at Dr. Pierce's Hotel before going to the convention.

A deaf-mute was arrested last night in South Baltimore, and on his way to the station-house was seized with a fit, causing much consternation among a number of ladies and children who were seated on the front steps of their residences in the vicinity. He was under the influence of liquor and the police took him in only to have him cared for, as it would defy the ingenuity of the police justices to find a charge to suit the case of a man in liquor who can make no noise nor indulge in loud and profane swearing. Under recent rulings a mute may get drunk with impunity.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE Independent Base-Ball Club was beaten at Leville, O., by the Anchors, by a score of 12 to 4.

DR. William Porter, Superintendent of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and his son Willie called at the Western New York Institution last week, and were pleased to take a view of the buildings and farm.

THE group photographs of the Independent (deaf-mute) Base-Ball Club are going off like "hot cakes." We have a few more of them for sale. They may be had at 50 cents each by sending to the editor of the JOURNAL. Persons desiring them should send soon.

BY a majority vote, the society known as the "Order of Elect Surds" was dissolved on the 8th of October, 1878. The Grand Treasurer, C. S. Newell, is now re-imbursing to the former members ninety-seven per cent. of the money paid by each as fees and dues.

CHARLES H. Cooper, of Watertown, stopped at the Western New York Institution over night with Mr. Howard. Both enjoyed a real Turkish bath, in which the former firmly believes as a promoter of health. He always advocates it as a substitute for a hogshead of different kinds of medicine,

DR. I. L. Peet, Principal of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, and his son Walter are on a pleasure trip from New York to Buffalo in a carriage. They pass the time in fishing and hunting, driving from place to place in the coolest hours of the day, and taking it easy all along. They spent last Sunday in Schenectady.

MISS Lizzie Morris, assistant matron of the Central New York Institution, at Rome, who was making Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Barnard, of this village, a visit, made a short call at our office and house one day last week. She returned to Rome Tuesday morning to resume the duties of her position there, her vacation of two months having ended.

THE New York Institution once had a pupil named John Shields, who was deprived of the power of laughing. He was never seen to laugh nor smile, but when tickled on the side or much amused he was sometimes heard to laugh in his heart, though not the slightest expression was visible on his face. He died from the effect of bad inhalation in an iron-foundry in Peekskill, N. Y., where he had worked for a long time.

TRAMP! tramp! tramp! is all the rage everywhere this summer. One entered the Western New York Institution, and was given a square meal on condition that he was to work for it an hour or so. But he trotted softly away with a full stomach. Another had a good dinner, but was watched and made to cut the grass with the lawn mower for about an hour, and then he departed rejoicing.

CHESTER Kellogg, a graduate of the Illinois Institution, straggled into the Western New York, Institution at night, some time ago, and begged for lodging. But as he was filled to overflowing with whisky and tobacco juice, he was invited out in the dark. An officer had compassion on the bewildered beggar and locked him up in the police station until he came to his senses. What a sad picture of a human wreck!

——Van Dake, a well-known deaf-mute tramp and beggar, was in Rochester, N. Y., two weeks ago trying to collect money enough to support his wife and five children which he pretended to have. If our readers happen to meet with him they will please give him a thorough ducking or frescoe him with fine tar and colored feathers. The horrid beggar once stopped at the Western New York Institution and told the people that he retired from his business with an income sufficient to support him through life. What a ridiculous humbug!

IT is a rare sight to see that little deaf and dumb boy on Garden street creep up on the seat by the side of Ben Burns, the good-hearted horse-car driver. Sometimes Ben, with the consent of the conductor, allows him to clang the gong twice, for the car to go on. Of course the little deaf boy cannot hear the gong ring, but he knows it has rung, for have not the horses heard and heeded it, and do they not go jogging along to the jingle of their bells? Ben is one of the oldest in the service, and one of the most careful and expert car drivers. He has seen a good deal of the supreme selfishness of human nature through all these years, but for all of that he has kept the tender spot that is at first within us all forever green. The deaf and dumb boy hails Ben's coming with a glow of delight on his innocent, trustful face, and Ben slacks up for him and watches him until he is safe by his side. Heaven's blessing is upon you, Ben, although you may be all unconscious of it, for you have done it, this act of kindness, unto "the least of His children," and that, too, a child of misfortune.—*Providence, R. I., Bulletin.*

CHARLES E. Graham, a colored pupil of the Western New York Institution, ran away three weeks before the school closed, and has not been heard from since. The policemen searched for him in Rochester immediately when informed of the fact, but he escaped their sharp eyes. It is reported that he went to Syracuse on the Erie Canal. It is greatly to be regretted that he has formed some bad habits and persists in being in low and wicked company. Two years ago last Christmas Charles started on foot for home, his parents being too poor to send money to him. The only way he knew to his home in Madison county was by the New York Central Railroad. It was winter, and very cold, but he managed to keep himself warm by making rapid strides. Presently a freight train came along, threw Charles high into the air, and then came to a standstill. His piercing cries frightened the engineer and brakemen out of their wits. They at once had him conveyed back to Rochester. He was sent to the City Hospital in an ambulance. Professor Westervelt was called for and he invited Charles back to the institution. He returned a sadder, if not a wiser, boy. A year ago last June Charles was reprimanded for his misconduct, and for that reason disappeared at night. After six weeks' tedious tramping he reached home, in literal rags, to the horror of his friends. In the fall Charles wrote a letter to Professor Westervelt, begging his pardon, and promised to behave better thereafter. He was forgiven and returned to school, but in October vanished, for no other reason than that he wanted to go into bad company. The fact was at once reported to the police station, and soon afterwards two officers brought him back. He was closely watched and for some months behaved himself pretty well, but near the close of the term, after he had been furnished with a suit of new clothes, having permission to go into the city, he ran away, and since which time nothing has been heard from him. His term of schooling has expired.

VALUABLE MAGAZINE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE RAINDROP is a monthly magazine of interesting stories for the Deaf and Dumb. Terms, one dollar a year. Send 10 cents for a specimen number. Address *The Raindrop*, Turtle Creek, Allegheny Co., Pa.

—Twenty-three hundred and eighty-one emigrants arrived at Castle Garden in the week ending August 9th.

Reduced Fares to the Convention.

N. Y. LAKE ERIE & WESTERN RR. CO.
OFFICE OF THE GEN'L PASSENGER AG'T,
NEW YORK, Aug. 8, 1879.

ALPHONSO JOHNSON, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Replying to your favor of the 4th inst., addressed to our President Jewett, and which has been referred to this department, to persons attending the eighth bi-ennial convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, to be held at Buffalo on the 27th and 28th inst., those who shall have paid full fare to this Company from any point on our line to Buffalo in going, we will instruct our agent at Buffalo to sell return tickets between same points at *one-third* the regular local rate. Our agent will require as his further authority for so doing a certificate signed by an officer of the convention stating from what point full fare was paid in going, to be presented by each applicant for return ticket at the reduced rate.

Very respectfully,
JNO. N. ABBOTT,
Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

QUITE PERSONAL, BUT ENCOURAGING.

MOUNT JACKSON, Pa., August 5, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Now I take your paper for another year. I like it very well, and so I like to continue taking it. I regard the great success of your paper as one of the great triumphs of journalism in this or any other country, for it has been a success obtained through adherence to the most correct, liberal, and honorable principles. It is a few years that I have been contributing to it, and it has been with a constantly-increasing pleasure, for I feel that you have made it of the utmost value to the country and world. Hoping that you may always be prospered in your further efforts for the JOURNAL, I trust that you may live long to enjoy the high position acquired by your ability and industry. From the depths of my heart I wish you great success.

Yours truly,
H. C. NIEMANN.

"OSCEOLA" ON THE "HUMBUG" QUESTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Frank Klingman is one of the most respectable mutes in this vicinity. He is a cigar-maker by trade, and with steady employment makes good wages. As a member of the Manhattan Literary Association, he does his duty by keeping a sharp eye on its treasury, thus defeating the schemes of those frauds of the *Leader*, who would like to use a portion of the funds to keep its shaky concern on its legs.

Any one having $50 to invest in a doubtful undertaking can do so by lending that amount to the *Leader*. The wealthy mutes hereabouts, when asked to invest, decline with thanks. The M. L. A. [illegible] states; and now the editor has advertised that he will be in Boston on the 17th inst. Oh!

Mr. George P. Lockwood, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a cabinet-maker by trade, and has been at the business for years. He is married, and has two children, both boys. His opinion of the Brooklyn *Humbug* is not at all flattering to that obscure sheet, and it will receive no support from him. Mr. L. takes the JOURNAL, and thinks it is the best of the kind that has ever been published.

The class of '79, New York Institution, was the most brilliant that has graduated from its collegiate department for years. So hints one of the correspondents of the *Educator*. Perhaps the opinion of those who composed that remarkable class is widely different from the above.

Mr. Frank M. Senior is a semi-mute, and an artist by profession. In his ways he is quite an old bachelor, but still delights in the society of young ladies. Rumor has it that he, at this late day, contemplating matrimony. The fortunate young lady who has gained this wonderful prize resides in this vicinity, but formerly lived in the central portion of the State. Congratulations are now in order.

Mrs. George Farley and son left a few days ago on a visit to the former's parents in Clinton, N. Y.

Professor E. A. Hodgson, superintendent of the printing department of the New York Institution, shortly begins an extensive tour, stopping at Syracuse and Mexico. He expects to visit his home in Canada, and on his return will take in the Buffalo convention, where he expects to meet many of the most formidable lions and lionesses of deaf-mutedom. His friend George L. Reynolds, of Brooklyn, than whom the *Leader* loves none better, will probably accompany him.

Miss E. D. Clapp, a teacher in the Minnesota Institution, is spending her vacation with her parents in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss S. C. Howard is rusticating for a few weeks in the Catskill Mountains.

"Blue Ink" and the contemptible editor of the *Leader* are one and the same. "Syntax" (undoubtedly a speaking person) has more brains than any other writer that that foul sheet has yet produced; nevertheless he can't hold a candle longside of the JOURNAL's poet "Red Ink." *Sic semper tyrannis.*

Those connected with the *Humbug* are not, and have never been, members of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association; have never (I believe) contributed to the "building fund" or given any aid to the "Home;" yet, true to their instincts as buffoons, they are now engaged in circulating lies and slander about those who manage them. This will, undoubtedly, soon have to be stopped, and that, too, in a way that those frauds have not bargained for. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

OSCEOLA.

GRACE CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC.

Grace Church may well be happy over the result of its efforts for an old-time picnic this year.

The committee knew and did their duty, as the issue proved. From participation in the very frequent excursions to the lake, our readers are too familiar with the beauties of those chosen spots to need any further information from the writer. Yet he may be excused for adding a few words to show the impression made upon a new-comer.

The "East Side" and the "West Side" vie in attractions for the pleasure-seeker. Either may be easily reached from the other by a two-cent ferry. It is doubtful if there is any place in our State, with as small expense in fitting up, where one can, at so trifling a cost, and with so little danger, realize Utopia as on the shore of Lake Ontario at Mexico Point.

On Wednesday last the children of the Episcopal Sunday-school, with their parents, teachers, and friends, spent the day at the above-named place. It was a large and happy gathering. People continued to arrive until almost nightfall.

The open air banquet was greatly enjoyed. "They sat down in ranks by hundreds and by fifties." "And they did all eat and were filled." And there were remaining to be brought home again about "twelve basketsful." None were turned empty away. A grateful Canadian breeze tempered the heat of August.

The children oscillated in lofty swings between heaven and earth. Row-boats were plied in the dark, sluggish stream, which, winding onward, finds here greater liberty in the deep bosom of the lake. Sailing craft were used in carrying the more bold far out over the blue tumbling waters, and for those who preferred an explosion to being capsized a steam-yacht lay in readiness.

But no misfortune occurred, and as the sun went down these scenes were reluctantly left behind and homes sought by a numerous company of pleased and invigorated excursionists.

COM.

WHAT "SIDUS" HAS TO SAY FOR TEMPERANCE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Jacob Zimerman, a deaf-mute, of York, Pa., who was sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary, on a charge of arson, for ten years, died of consumption, in his cell, on the 23d ult., and his remains were buried in the city cemetery without any of his relatives being present to take him to York.

I feel it a duty to explain to your numerous readers, through your columns, the moral effects of intemperance, which all deaf-mutes are notified to read.

How was Mr. Zimerman's ruin accomplished? It was [illegible] intemperance. It is, unfortunately, found that in all men, in their present state, the power of the passions are, by far, too great for the controlling influence of liquor, to which they are subjected. Hence it is found to be necessary to strengthen the influence of reason and conscience by all the concurring aids of law, of interest, of public opinion, and also by all the tremendous sanctions of religion. And even all these are frequently found insufficient to overcome the power of vindictive, turbulent, and malicious passions, and of earthly, brutal, and sensual lust. Now, it is found that nothing has the power of inflaming these passions, really too hard for the control of the possessor, like the use of ardent spirits. Solomon said, "Like a bear bereaved of her whelps, meet a man rather than a fool in his folly;" and is such the moral effect of intemperance?

An intemperate man is the worst, no doubt, as he can easily be premized at the suspicion of an insult; he is outrageous at the appearance of opposition; he construes everything into an offence; at offence he is implacable. This is the lamentable case.

Temperance is one of the most important objects, and it tends to render you at once good and agreeable. You must, therefore, refuse to be tempted with liquor, and your security is to flee from it. I wish all the deaf-mutes to be temperate, not to touch any liquor, and they must be an enemy of the use of ardent spirits. Certainly, honor and success will attend you. O! how sad is it, the poverty, disgrace, and misery which the intemperate man has brought upon himself, his family, and his friends. All stand before him in the most aggregate forms.

Let your numerous readers join me to form habits against ardent spirits, which will be a noble work. Be temperate and also respectable.

Yours respectfully,
SIDUS.

York, Pa., August 9, 1879.

A PROFESSIONAL BOAT RACE IS ASSURED!

The long-delayed boat race between Frank A. Gates (speaking) and Russell Smith (a deaf-mute) has been settled recently, and will, perhaps, take place at Watkins, N. Y., the last of this month or in the early part of September. The former was defeated by the latter last year by three boat-lengths, but at present he is very confident. They are both going to take severe practice in rowing, and they intend to make the race very close. Many deaf-mutes living in the neighborhood are now glad to hear of it, and should avail themselves of this opportunity of witnessing the race, thus encouraging Smith's spirits by their presence.

Miss Mary Tripp, of Camden, is visiting at E. Rulison's.

Local Paragraphs.

Corn here promises a fair crop.

Nights cool and days invigorating.

Potatoes and corn have lately been needing rain.

Ripe apples have appeared, but are not a large crop here.

Peaches, from the South, are getting to be quite numerous.

Burroughs Penfield has lately been troubled with fever and ague.

Mrs. L. H. Conklin is spending a few days at Thousand Islands.

Visitors to Thousand Islands from this locality are quite numerous.

Mr. Abram Hadley has returned from a visit to Herkimer county.

The cool weather of last Friday and Saturday called for thick clothing.

The camp-meeting at Dempster Grove opens Thursday, August 31st.

Dr. Heaton lately spent about two weeks pleasantly at Thousand Islands.

Charles Dayton, of New York, formerly of this place, is visiting friends here.

Hon. T. W. Skinner has lately been at work on a contested will case in Oswego.

The Helicon Band went to Palermo one day last week and furnished music for a picnic.

Mrs. Delia Antisdel, (sister of J. C. Taylor) of Utica, was here lately on a short visit.

The Band of Hope held a meeting last Sunday afternoon at the Presbyterian Church.

Our citizens were again "enchanted" with street organ-grinding music last Saturday.

Miss Lydia Hollister has been quite sick for several weeks, but is now a little better.

Mr. Hiram Slack, of Minnesota, who is visiting his old home, is much pleased with the West.

The Presbyterian society has begun extensive church overhauling and improvements.

Byron Evarts, formerly a resident here, and now of Texas, is visiting his friends in this vicinity.

Farmers have bben busy recently at harvesting their sowed crops. Oats are said to be a good crop.

Mr. and Mrs. George Irish and children visited a brother of Mr. Irish at or near Skaneatelas Falls last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cheney Ames and daughter, of Oswego, are in town for a few days, guests of Mrs. Dr. Rundell.

The Oswego County Veterans' Association will hold its annual re-union this year at Pulaski, Wednesday, August 20th.

Mrs. P. C. McKindley and child returned last Thursday from a few weeks' visit at Fairport, N. Y., the former home of Mrs. McKindley.

Quite a party of ladies, gentlemen, and children from Prattville and its vicinity enjoyed a private picnic at Mexico Point last Saturday.

Rev. L. M. Stratton and family left here last week for Thousand Islands. In returning to Indianapolis they will stop at Mexico and complete their visit.

Willis Huntington is in charge of an express office at Pulaski. Charles Gainer is in his place in Penfield's office here during his (Willis's) absence.

Blackberry-pickers inform us that the light crop of that fruit is a consequence of the destruction of many of the old briars by last winter's deep snow.

The Presbyterian society is meeting with good success in obtaining subscriptions for the purpose of making extensive improvements on its church building.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Baker, of Hudson, Mich., daughter and son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Valentine, have recently been visiting relatives and friends in this locality.

The Colosse (Baptist) church society held its picnic Wednesday, August 6th, in a grove at Grafton Square. It was well attended, and largely enjoyed by those present.

Our county fair is to be held Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, September 2d, 3d, and 4th. The officers of the society are endeavoring to make the coming fair one of more than usual interest.

Grace Church's Sunday-school picnic came off, as announced, last week Wednesday, was well attended, the weather was magnificent, provisions plenty, and the occasion was one of much pleasure.

Mrs. David Nichols was taken dangerously sick one night last week, and for a day or two her recovery was considered quite doubtful, but we are now pleased to learn that she is considerably improved.

The Baptist Church society of this village enjoyed its regular annual Sunday-school picnic, at Mexico Point, on Friday of last week. Good weather, happy men, women, and children, abundance of good things to eat, and the usual amusements at the lake served to make the day one of pleasure.

The M. E. Church society of this village held its regular annual picnic last Friday. Like all the other Sunday-school picnics from here, it took place at Mexico Point. The day was, by far, too cool for the occasion, and the lake rather rough for pleasure boating, but boat-rides were enjoyed on the creek, the dinner was good and abundant, the children had a good time, and, taken as a whole, the day brought to many much pleasure.

Miss Sylvia A. Brockway, a sister of Rev. A. A. Brockway, spent last Sunday in town, and returned to Syracuse Monday.

A false alarm of fire was caused at a little past nine o'clock last Sunday evening by the burning of a brush heap near the Railroad street bridge.

Harry Webb was slightly injured by a rotton plank in Black Creek bridge on Main street giving away while he was crossing it last Sunday, and causing him to fall partly through. It was a narrow escape from serious injuries.

The Oswego and Watertown papers are making a great ado over the fact that the month of August this year has two full moons. What of it any way? Wait till August has three full moons then the circumstance will be of some account worth putting on the records.

The music at the dance at the West Side House at Mexico Point was not furnished by Mrs. A. M. Parker's orchestra, of this village, as we were wrongly informed, and as we published in our local column of last week. Our informant was mistaken; the music was furnished by other persons.

Miss Kate Brown died last Sunday afternoon, after a sickness of several years. During her protracted illness, much of which time she suffered intensely, she endured her affliction with Christian patience. The family has our sympathy in their distress. The funeral services will be held at the residence of Mrs. T. G. Brown at 2 P. M. Wednesday, August 13th.

We welcome with pleasure to our exchange list the *Cosmopolite*, a thirty-two broad column monthly, published at Sioux City, Ia., D. H. Talbot manager and proprietor, number 1, volume 1, of which made its appearance July, 1879. The above-named monthly abounds in interesting, useful, solid reading matter, which cannot fail to please its patrons, and is furnished at the modest price of 10 cents a copy or for $1 a year.

Mr. Wellington Barker, of this village, and Miss Almeda Willis, of Stone Quarry, were made happy last Wednesday evening by being united in marriage at the home of the bride. A large number of invited guests were present, and the occasion was one of much pleasure to those in attendance, who partook of a sumptuous feast after the knot was tied. The presents were numerous, varied, and valuable. "Well" called into our office on the following morning, and the customary smoke was enjoyed. The bride and bridegroom have our hearty congratulations, and we wish them many years of prosperity and wedded bliss. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Parker, of Oswego, formerly rector of Grace (Episcopal) Church in this village.

HOOKSETT DEAF-MUTE MEETING.

[*Concord, N. H., Statesman, Aug. 7, 1879.*]

Hooksett, Sunday, Aug. 3, was a red-letter day in the history of deaf-mutes in Hooksett and vicinity—a convention of these unfortunates being held in town—the third since the organization of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission and its incorporation by the Legislature of 1878.

A preliminary meeting was held in Odd Fellows' Hall Saturday evening, 31 deaf-mutes and a considerable number of citizens being in attendance. The meeting was called to order by the President of the Association, Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, a veteran of 75 years, who had made a very pleasant speech of welcome and congratulation. He was followed by Prof. Job Turner, Prof. T. L. Brown, of Michigan, a son of the President, Mr. Bigelow, of St. Johnsburg, Vt., and now in college at Washington, D. C., Mr. Wright, of Amherst, and T. N. Head, of Hooksett. The speeches were interpreted for the benefit of the citizens by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Rector of St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Sabbath-morning Dr. G. addressed the congregation at the church, while the deaf-mutes held a separate service at Odd Fellows' Hall. The speaker is a son of the late Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, the founder of the institution for deaf-mutes, Hartford, Conn. Like his father he married a deaf-mute and manifests the deepest interest in the education, secular and religious, of the 30,000 of this class in the United States.

In the afternoon a mixed service was held in the church, in which an abridged form of the Episcopal liturgy was used. Dr. Gallaudet addressed the congregation, as did also the President, Professors Turner and Brown, and Mr. Wright, both signs and spoken language being used. Nothing could be more impressive than the quiet, almost rapt attention of the deaf-mutes to the admirable addresses, an interest in which the congregation fully shared. Especially touching was the rendering of the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages," accompanied, as it was, with the thought that in no way could the delightful music associated with the almost sacred words be conveyed to the ear and heart of those who sat in eloquent silence, while in pantomime the thoughts were expressed.

Meetings of this kind must result in awakening a deeper interest in this class of our citizens. Mr. T. N. Head, himself and wife deaf-mutes, kept open house, and the delegates from abroad were otherwise well cared for. One of the latter was reported as having walked 35 miles to attend the meeting. In the main, they showed themselves very intelligent, the wonder being that with so few advantages they have acquired so extensive an acquaintance with books, and mastered so many facts.

PINNACLE.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

MR. PRINCE'S MAIDEN SERMON.

Boston, Mass., July 28, 1879.

Editor Journal:—On Sunday, the 27 inst., John A. Prince, of Salem, a recent graduate of the deaf-mute college, filled the pulpit of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, for the first time in the career of a mission among the deaf and dumb which is now before him. The largest audience that ever gathered at the hall during a service came to see the new lecturer preach his maiden sermon. Taking for his subject the following text, from St. Matthew, "Judge not, that you may not be judged," Mr. Prince delivered a sermon of great merit, in which stress was laid upon the habits of gossipping and slandering. At the close of the delivery Mr. Tillinghast arose, saying that all that Mr. Prince had said was good sound doctrine, and he hoped the seeds which had been sown among the audience would take fast root in their minds and hearts, grow there, and finally blossom out into Christian charity. Professor W. M. Chamberlain, by invitation, added a few words, on the occasion. In his witty, humorous way, he remarked that he agreed with what Messrs. P. and T. had said, and he would interpose no barrier to the growth of the good seeds.

Wash. Lee.

A GOOD LETTER FROM MRS. E. M. GRAY.

Cincinnati, O., August 6, 1879.

Friend Rider:—As this is a stormy day, and I have some rest from professional cares, I said, "Now I will just take a little of my spare time and write a few lines to my friend Rider.

It is some months since I have remembered your most excellent Journal, for I consider it a paper far above mediocrity. Some of its editorals are of a first-class order.

A very pleasing and, to my mind, a touching incident was told me a day or two since by an old and faithful domestic of mine, now nearly 90, but who has lived for some 45 years in the city of Cincinnati. Mary Tucker is her name, born in the beautiful State of Vermont, an American out and out. She said:

"Mrs. Gray, there are but few Lyman Beechers now-a-days."

"Why, what do you know of Rev. L. Beecher?"

"Why, I attended his church on Fourth street. That sacred edifice now stands, and one Sunday evening a heavy rain storm set in, and I saw that dear, good man take off his cloak (for he wore a cloak,) and he just covered his horse, and jumped on his back, and away he went to his home on Walnut Hills.

"That," said she, "is the minister I like, who is good and kind to his beast, which took him to and from his church. Yes; and he never was afraid to tip his hat to the poor ones of his congregation.

"Well," said Mary, and "I lived with his daughter, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and it is no wonder that Rev. Lyman had such kind and tender-hearted children, Mrs. Gray."

As she told this to me, and I looked into her black eyes, I felt the force and the power of kindness; and while the revered sire sleeps his last sleep, as he has fought life's last battle, I prayed that the mantle of Rev. Lyman Beecher might fall on each and all who should read this tribute to the great, the good man of God.

Mary is poor in this world's goods, yet she has a tenderness for animals that is strikingly beautiful; and who knows but what the acts, the words of that sainted one have moulded her and made her the tender-hearted woman that she now is?

Should this touching incident ever be read by any of his dear family, will they not give one passing thought to Mary Tucker, who, all these years of toil and bodily suffering, has so tenderly remembered her friend and pastor, Rev. Lyman Beecher?

Mrs. E. M. Gray, M. D.

DEATH OF A MARYLAND INSTITUTION PUPIL.

Miss Louisa E. Quarengasser departed this life on the 31st of last month, at her late residence in Baltimore, aged 17 years, 11 months, and 20 days, and was interred there on the 2d inst.

Her death has cast a gloom over all who knew, and adored her, for she was a very amiable young lady, and likewise a favorite of many of her mute friends. She returned home on the 26th of last June to spend her vacation at home, and was to go back to school in September, but, alas! death has summoned her to a cold grave. She had enjoyed herself with her home folks and relatives but a month, and it is our deepest regret to miss her, but we know that we all shall soon follow her.

She was one of the most intelligent scholars in the first class, taught by Professor C. H. Hill, and had passed her recent examination excellently.

"Sweet is the scene where Christians die,
Where holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing;
O Grave! where is thy victr'y now?
And where, O Death, is now thy sting?"

Com.

OHIO NEWS.

Editor Journal:—If convenient please allow me a little space in your valuable paper for a little news that I have gleaned.

The Journal comes to Westerville every Saturday, when we are always glad to hear from you. What a welcome visitor it is to furnish us with many interesting items, articles, and much correspondence contributed to the welfare of the deaf and dumb. Why is it that hundreds of the most intelligent mutes have not subscribed for it for so long a time after they have heard that it is published every week? Because they do not care to do so nor find it to their interest to read papers for mutes. The reader would not be surprised that they can talk intelligibly and understandingly, while they are men of bright ideas. But they have not a great many acquaintances to talk to by either writing or spelling on their fingers. To be sure, they ought to subscribe for periodicals published in the interest of deaf-mutes, and general reading makes them so happy and gladsome as to ennoble them.

Mrs. Sarah M. Fancher returned home on the 3d of last month from three months' absence in visiting her numerous friends in Plymouth, O. While sojourning there she very much enjoyed the pleasure of visiting them, where they gave her a cordial welcome. She says Plymouth is a pleasant, flourishing village, the population of which numbers nine hundred. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was laid out near where it is pleasantly situated. Four miles south of Plymouth reside Samuel Kuhn and his nice wife, whom Mrs. Fancher favored with a visit for a few days. They are deaf and dumb, but have two sons who hear and speak. Charles Reffue, formerly a pupil of the Ohio Institution, is working for Mr. Kuhn for good wages. As an orphan, he has for several years been residing with them. He does not use the signs very well, but he can speak orally, if not perfectly. She was surprised upon being called to go with Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Conger, both deaf-mutes, to the home of the latter a few days before returning to Westerville. Her visit was rendered very interesting there, and it also made their highly respected parents and sister glad to see her back again. The large white house which they occupy is pleasantly situated on a little hill six miles north-east of Plymouth. Within their beautiful residence several doors, windows, and other portions of the house were painted about five years ago by Mr. G. W. Evans, formerly a pupil of the New York Institution. He is supposed to be doing a thriving business as a sign-painter in the State of Iowa.

I am indebted to Jacob E. Tuttle, of Rockford, Ill., for his kind item as to my wife's visit, which was published in a late number of your excellent paper. He and his estimable wife, whom we will remember well, have our wishes for their happiness and success.

An interesting event occurred last Wednesday night where plenty of ice-cream was had. Many neighbors, besides my wife and I, gathered to the number of eighty for the purpose of collecting money to support the church. All seemed to enjoy the exquisite satisfaction of meeting and chatting with each other.

I expect to go and attend the fourth re-union of the *alumni* to be held at the Ohio Institution in three weeks. There is no doubt that the exposition, proposed by Mr. D. H. Carroll, will succeed splendidly. It is expected that the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association will be quite a social and financial success, where all will rejoice in the pleasure of hospitable treatment.

The rain falls so often as to cause the corn and vegetables to grow very rapidly. We had to plant three or four times last spring on account of the drought. Respectfully yours,

G. W. Fancher.

Westerville, O., August 5, 1879.

CINCINNATI NOTES.

Cincinnati, O., August 6, 1879.

Professor R. P. McGregor, of Newport, Ky., is pleasantly spending his vacation in the East. He will return to his duties again the first week of September, before school opens.

Mr. Vance informed me that Mrs. Smithson, formerly Miss Gordon, wants to marry a good man.

Mr. Sam. Freeman, a teacher at the Georgia Institution, was in town and remained here a few weeks. He spent his time pleasantly in visiting his parents.

Mrs. Wm. Hoagland, of Covington, Ky., is suffering greatly from rheumatism.

"Mike" James Byrne, a kind-hearted deaf-mute, presented Mrs. Jos. H. Vance with a fine rich dress, a pair of new shoes, etc. He is a pedlar, and went to the country on business. He was educated at the Wisconsin Institution.

Yours truly,
A Friend.

The amount of public land entered for homestead settlement in the year ending June 30, 1879, was a trifle over 6,000,000 acres, or an area little greater than that of the State of New Hampshire, and larger that of New Jersey.

The average number of acres taken by each homestead settler, as shown by the entries of the last ten years, is 120; unsettled public land in the United States, therefore, received a population of at least 50,000 during the last twelve months under the operation of the Homestead law alone. The real accession probably far exceeded 100,000 persons.

A TRIP--THE REFUGEES--YELLOW FEVER--WHOLESALE VISITING.

Midway, Va., August 4, 1879.

Dear Journal:—I left Jackson, Miss., on Wednesday night, two weeks ago; had a pleasant trip, a portion of which I had the company of Messrs. Cabaniss, Farmer, Chaney, and Johnsey, and Misses Lucy King, M. Harris, S. Eeiskner, S. Johnsey, and G. Odoin, who went to their homes. I hope they have got home safely. Mr. Cabaniss stopped at Meridian, and returned home to Jackson. I arrived at Corinth, Miss., stayed there all night, waited for the Memphis and Charleston Railroad train, and left there at 5 A. M.

I saw a great many refugees in the cars and I could not find a vacant seat. I understood that the refugees ran from Memphis, being afraid of the yellow fever. The refugees stopped at Blount's Springs and Huntsville and some other stations in Alabama, and walked fast to look for boarding-houses. I was very sorry to see them having much trouble.

Near Chattanooga, which is quarantined against Memphis, six policemen and a doctor examined the passengers and asked the refugees if they came from Memphis. I could not hear what they said about it. One of the policemen and the doctor asked me if I was from Memphis. I told them "No," that I was from Jackson, had passed through Corinth, and wished to go to Lynchburg. The policeman and doctor told me that I was all right and could go on. I was pleased with their decision.

I arrived at Lynchburg, Va., at 2:30 Sunday evening, and stopped at Lynch's Hotel. I stayed there four days. I was delighted to visit Messrs. Rufus and William Mays, Charles Rockcharlie, Miss Mollie Bell, and her sister. They are all deaf and dumb. Mr. Rufus May, his brother William, and his family moved from Lexington to Lynchburg last winter. William is a fine shoemaker, and has a shop in the north part of the city. Rufus May and Charles Rockcharlie took a walk with me up a hill, and we saw a large pond and the fair grounds. These gentlemen were educated at the Virginia Institution and know Professor Job Turner.

Miss Mollie Bell was my pupil. I taught her at the Virginia Institution before I was appointed a teacher in the Mississippi Institution in 1871. Miss Bell is a very nice-looking lady and lives with her mother, who is a widow.

I took a packet-boat, and left for Lexington at 6 o'clock, and traveled all night. The canal was very low. The boat took me within about five miles of Lexington. I waited for a spring-wagon till 2:30 and then rode with a negro driver, who drove to Midway.

I got home safely, and saw my daughter Ada standing at the door of the kitchen. Ada did not know who I was. When I stopped at the gate Ada was surprised to see me, and ran to tell her mother and sister and all of Mr. Fultz's family that I had come. I was exceedingly glad to find all well. I had not seen them for ten months.

I am pleased to tell you that the closing exercises of the Mississippi Institution took place Tuesday night, the 15th of July. We had a large and intelligent audience, who felt a great and growing interest in seeing the pupils write on the large black-boards and some of them relating stories.

The institution is in good hands. Professor Talbot and his family and Miss Cabaniss and three mute girls are staying at the institution through all the vacation. The school will begin on the 1st of October.

Professor Thomas J. Williams came here last Thursday morning. He said he did not know that I had come here. We were all glad to have a talk with him. He stayed with us a day and a night.

I shall take my wife and daughters and Miss Cora A. Fultz and her sister to Shenandoah county on a visit to our relations, and we will spend two or three weeks there. I shall go to Jackson, Miss., with my family in the third week of September if the yellow fever does not spread there and in other cities.

I will write to you some news next time. Respectfully,

L. W. Saunders.

GOING TO HAVE A PICNIC.

Editor Journal:—Please publish the following notice in your next week's paper.

The members of the deaf-mute Bible-class of Louisville, Ky., are going to hold a pic-nic on the 21st of this month, and the deaf-mutes living in the vicinity are invited to be present.

P. J. Hasenstab.

New Albany, Ind., August 7, 1879.

A Deaf and Dumb Boy Recovers His Voice by an Accident.

At Lancaster the other afternoon a seven-year-old deaf and dumb boy, son of Benjaim Charles, was knocked down by a two-horse coach, on North Queen street, and was trampled under the feet of the horses. Singular to relate no bones were broken, nor were there any internal injuries or even severe cuts or bruises; but the child, who had never been known to utter a loud sound before, cried out lustily when he found himself under the feet of the horses. He was conveyed to his home in the coach which ran over him, and it remains to be seen whether the accident will result in finding his speech. It is regarded as an unusual case.—*York, Pa., Dispatch.*

—There were 710 deaths in New York during the week ending August 9th.

THE ADVANTAGES OF NEBRASKA.

Editor Journal:—Your articles recently regarding a national deaf-mute convention in 1880 have interested me greatly. I think nothing could serve to give the mutes of our country so much pleasure and profit as just such a gathering. I have noticed the comments from Mr. T. F. Fox, a "Subscriber," and others, and can endorse the most of their views, especially the suggestion for three or five delegates to be appointed from each State and also the District of Columbia. While it speaks rather slim for us westerners, still it is a fact that cannot be contradicted that eastern people have more money to spend than those who are west, where all the efforts and pennies go for new homes, getting farms, building up new States, &c. So I think it would be well to give the mutes of the Western and Northwestern States a voice in the matter. While it would be delightful to visit your lovely town, also the Thousand Islands, Niagara Falls, and other places of note, it is barely possible that many mutes could meet with you if the convention were appointed equally distant between California and Maine. But probably there are a much greater number of mutes in New York and the Eastern States, where institutions for deaf-mutes are numerous, older, and more advanced, and some point that would accommodate the greatest number would be desirable, whether it be Chicago or some other point, the committee would, perhaps, be able to ascertain. I only advance these views in justice to all I surely hope, if the plans are carried out, my wife and myself can avail ourselves of the chance of joining with you so far as we are concerned. No place could suit us better than New York, for we could "kill two birds with one stone"—attend the convention and also visit relatives that we have long wished to see.

Please allow me to speak again about Nebraska for the benefit of some of your readers who may want to move into this State and get a homestead at a very little expense or seek this healthy climate. I would advise any of your readers having any bilious tendencies not to risk the climate in the East, but to come and live in this State, where the climate will deliver him from all difficulties of that nature.

I was brought up and have been the most of my life a tiller of the soil, and I think I know from pretty extensive opportunities for observation what good soil is, and I give it as my deliberate judgment that there is not on this continent a richer, more productive soil than here in south-eastern Nebraska. The climate, too, is healthy and much more enjoyable than in Illinois. I do not wish to be understood as uttering a word against the grand State of Illinois, where I resided many years. I love it and speak in its praise everywhere, but I must say in truth that Nebraska, in point of climate and richness of soil, bears off the palm. The winters here are shorter than in Illinois, and the spring earlier by several weeks. Very much of the spring wheat was sown here this year in February; corn was planted largely in April and potatoes in March. We have been having good, large, early potatoes in our market since the middle of June! What do your Illinois readers think of that? This is no extraordinary case here. They cannot have a clear idea of the wonderful growth of vegetation till they come and see it for themselves. The soil is so rich, and from two to six feet deep, that drought does not affect it as in Illinois. The soil is porous, and acts like a sponge in two ways—absorbs great quantities of moisture, and then gives it out as needed. Rains here do not interfere much with cultivation. It may rain for two days in succession, and in a few hours after it ceases farmers go into their corn fields and find no difficulty in cultivating the soil. It never bakes. The roads dry off correspondingly quick. No deep mud is ever found in the roads here unless it is an occasional slough. It is more hilly here than in Illinois. Some of the highest hills here are richer to their summits than the richest bottom lands in the East. The soil and climate are well adapted to the growth of fruit, especially apples, pears, plums, and perhaps peaches. Indeed apples grown here have taken the first premium in competition with the apples of the whole United States in the fairs held in Richmond, Va., in 1871, Boston, Mass., in 1873, Chicago, in 1875, and the Centennial at Philadelphia.

Let me give your readers a few statistics. Hon. J. B. Masters, of this city, in 1877 sold 2,000 bushels of apples in the orchard, raised from 400 trees on six acres of land, for 70 cents per bushel, amounting to $1,400—an average of $233.33 cents per acre. Can any of your eastern readers beat that? The growth of corn is simply immense. I drove out from the city several miles west. I never saw such fields of corn in my life. If a man wants to have his ideal of the garden of Eden, before it was doomed to bring forth briers and thorns, fully met let him come here this summer and feast his eyes on vegetation the greenest and rankest that my eyes ever rested on. If he is skeptical as to the oriental mustard trees growing large enough for the fowls of the air to lodge in its branches I will show him weeds large and strong enough for turkeys to roost on, and I think his skepticism will then be cured.

Stock is about as high here as in Illinois, especially cattle, sheep and hogs, and can be raised at less than half the cost. If a man wants to follow stock-raising he had better come here, in my judgment. Don't let any persons delude themselves with the idea that men can live and prosper here without industry and persevering application to business.

Otoe county is blessed with good railroad facilities, which are now extended westward in this State.

Now is the time to secure cheap, but good, homes. Wait two years longer and the same lands cannot be purchased for twice the money.

Those wishing to obtain homesteads, or buy cheap farms already improved, can learn by what means or through whom lands can be secured by addressing A. E. Touzalin, Land Commissioner, B. & M. RR., at Omaha or Lincoln, Neb., or V. C. Utley, Syracuse, Neb., who will cheerfully give information concerning this county, their lands, terms, prices, etc.

Mr. D. G. Johnson, a deaf-mute, a farmer, recently came and spent three days with us. We enjoyed his visit very much. About ten years ago he obtained a homestead on 160 acres of land near Falls City in this State. He had been very industrious in improving it till it had become a nice farm, when about two years ago the farm was snatched from him through a dishonest transaction. Poor Daniel was left little property—six lots of land, and a small house on one of them, in Falls City. He was obliged to go to canvassing through the country with engravings, prints, and other goods to earn money to support his large family. He had four children by his first wife, who is dead, and eight by his second wife. The latter was Miss Kiel, a schoolmate of mine. He has some grandchildren. He is remarkably strong and smart for a man of his age—64 years. He has been peddling for two years past. He was educated at the New York Institution.

Ed. P. Holmes.

Nebraska City, Neb., Aug. 6, 1879.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

Hooksett, N. H., August 8, 1879.

My Dear Mr. Rider:—Before I proceed northward I must avail myself of a few moments' leisure to send you a communication from the pleasant country residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Head, at whose kind invitation I consented to remain with them for several days. I am very thankful that I find myself much refreshed and invigorated, after a rest of six days, and that I am permitted to go to my duties again for several weeks.

Allow me to relate what has transpired since my last was dated at West Henniker, the home of the venerable Mr. Thomas Brown, at whose urgent request I was his guest about ten days, during which time the pure atmosphere gave me great vigor, which relieved me of the fatigue of my long, hard work in the South. I could but enjoy and appreciate his pleasant company and wise counsels very much. He still retains his mental faculties remarkably well, considering his advanced age, being 75 years old. God spare him to us many good years.

His father died long ago, aged about 88 years. He was deaf and dumb, and, what was more unfortunate, he was blind two years before his death. Although he was not educated, he could easily make his desires known to his neighbors by signs. One day, during his blindness, his uncle came from a long distance to visit him, after a separation of several years, and the blind deaf-mute could not find out who he was. So he sent for Mr. Thomas Brown, with whose signs he was very familiar. He came to him and told him who the stranger was, by the sense of touch, and he quickly recognized him, and shook hands with him very gladly.

Mr. Brown and I left West Henniker for this place on Friday morning, the 1st inst, and found ourselves pleasantly entertained by Mr. Head and his family the same night. Then Mr. Head allotted me a home at the residence of his brother, Samuel Head, Esq., whose kindness and hospitality I enjoyed very much.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet and a large number of deaf-mutes reached this village in the afternoon of the 2d inst. Dr. Gallaudet signed to me that he held a service at Nashua, N. H., the previous night. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Head welcomed them all to their own house, but some of the deaf-mutes were transferred to Ayer's Hotel, less than half a mile distant. Among the deaf-mutes at the hotel were Mr. Frank W. Bigelow, of St. Johnsburg, Vt., Miss Flora B. Ladd, of Island Pond, Vt., and Mr. William E. White, of Goffstown, N. H., an inmate of the National Deaf-Mute College.

On Saturday evening, August 3d, according to announcement, a preliminary meeting of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission was held at Odd Fellows' Hall in this village, there being about 31 deaf-mutes and a considerable number of other citizens present. The officers of this mission were present except Mr. Allison, of Concord, N. H.

The meeting was called to order by the Chairman of the mission, Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, at whose request the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet offered an appropriate prayer in the silent language, after which Mr. Brown made a speech of welcome, which the doctor interpreted to the speaking portion of the assemblage. He was followed by his only son, Prof. Thomas L. Brown, of the Michigan Institution, Mr. Bigelow, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, Mr. Varnum B. Wright, of Nashua, N. H., Mr. Thomas N. Head, of Hooksett, N. H., and the writer. The addresses were all interpreted to the citizens by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

On a most beautiful Sabbath morning eight more deaf-mutes came here from Manchester, on a little steamer up the majestic Merrimac River, to attend the meeting.

In the forenoon Dr. Gallaudet addressed the congregation in the church on the subject of deaf-mute education, while Professor Thomas L. Brown held a separate service at the hall, speaking, by signs, of Paul's interview with Agrippa, from the 26th chapter of Acts, and then taking for his text Acts 26:28—"Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." A collection was taken up, amounting to $3.42, for the mission.

In the afternoon a mixed meeting was held in the church, where Dr. Gallaudet and his co-laborer used a shortened Episcopal service, going through the whole evening prayer. Afterwards Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. Brown, the chairman, the writer, Professor Brown, and Mr. Wright, the secretary, made remarks. Then Dr. Gallaudet said the benediction. Before the benediction a collection was taken up for the mission, and $3.65 was reported. The two collections made $7.07. Soon after, the Manchester mutes steamed down the river, and several others took the cars for Concord, N. H. The actual number was about forty.

The names of the deaf-mute visitors were as follows: Mrs. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York; Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H.; Thomas N. Head and wife, of Hooksett; Almos Smith and sister Sarah, of New Boston; Professor Thomas L. Brown, of Flint, Mich; Frank W. Bigelow, of St. Johnsbury, Vt; Miss Flora B. Ladd, of Island Pond, Vt.; Miss Sylvia W. Hathaway, of Petersboro, N. H.; George Webster, of Central Village, Mass.; William E. White, of Goffstown, N. H.; Edwin H. French, of Antrim, N. H.; Abel B. Owen, of Deering, N. H.; Miss Ellen A. Young, of Laconia, N. H.; Wilbur D. Pattee, of Bristol, N. H.; George W. Cummings, of North Branch, N. H.; Miss Lizzie M. Cole, Miss Lizzie M. Sargent, and Charles P. Hiller, of Concord, N. H.; Erasmus D. Preston, of Hooksett; Flavius J. Packard and Alpheus A. Brown, of Enfield, N. H.; Varnum B. Wright, and Frank Blodgett, of Nashua, N. H.; Josiah Egderby, of Suncook, N. H.; Austin T. Fish, of Langdon, N. H.; Mrs. Laura A. Chandler, of Alstead, N. H.; Jesse H. Baker, Wentworth Grant, Hiram Livingstone and wife, John F. Price, Levi M. Whicher, and Sherburne Corning and wife, of Manchester, N. H., and two or three others; total, 41.

I may properly say that Mr. Cummings walked 35 miles to attend the meeting. He has, I believe, walked 75 miles in all before this time. Mr. Thomas Brown's address delivered in the church was as follows:

"*Ladies and gentlemen:*

It pleases me to meet my deaf-mute friends here to-day, and to thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind interest in meeting the deaf-mutes here.

Through the kind invitation of my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Head we meet, to-day, for the third time since our Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission was incorporated last year. Our mission is undenominational. It is meant to meet in one place at one time, and another place at another time, and so on, for the benefit of scattered mute graduates within the State of New Hampshire.

Since our mission was formed it has been becoming prosperous, gradually, in humble hopes it may continue to prosper through a kind Providence.

My friend Professor Job Turner's services will be *beneficial* to our mission among mutes in this State this summer, in different parts, I do hope, under a divine Guide; and also, some deaf-mutes of New Hampshire may cheerfully join in a mutual aid towards the good of our mission.

I am very happy to learn, from a good report, of the prospect of other moral and religious societies out of this State.

It gives me pleasure to meet my friends here from other States. I hope, in good earnest, that harmony and good feelings may prevail in this meeting.

I grow older and older, and my old age may give poor aid. However I feel willing to try and aid towards the benefit of my beloved mute brethren while I may be spared to live.

I am sorry to tell you that my friend Governor Head cannot honor this meeting with his presence this sacred day. As it is hard times, and it is difficult to procure reduced railroad fares oftener than once or twice in a year, I think that it may not be better for our mission to meet in a general convention until next May or June.

May divine blessings follow, and lead us all in a moral life, that we may reap a reward of happiness, temporal and spiritual."

(signed) Thomas Brown,
Chairman Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission.

August 3, 1879.

This address was composed, without any assistance, by Mr. Thomas Brown, a deaf-mute veteran of 75 years.

Governor Head's letter was as follows:

State of New Hampshire,
Executive Department,
"Home," August 1, 1879.

Thomas N. Head, Esq.

My Dear Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the meeting of the deaf-mutes of our State, who are to assemble here at Hooksett to-morrow. I assure you nothing would afford me more pleasure than to be with you, and meet my good friends, but a previous engagement will prevent me the pleasure, which I regret exceedingly. Please express my high regards and kindest feelings to all present, and believe me,

Very truly, your friend always,
(Signed) Natt Head.

We all regretted that the Governor could not be present at our meeting.

We missed George Kent and his wife, of Amherst, from our meeting. Mrs. Kent wrote a letter to Mr. Head, in which she said that Mr. Kent could not accept his invitation to be present at the meeting because he had had a bad fall a few days before, so that he could not use his hand or arm, which I cannot call to mind.

I may safely say that the meeting was a success, for which we owe our many thanks to God.

On Monday morning all the deaf-mute visitors dispersed themselves to their respective homes. In the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet went to Beverly, Mass., in the interest of the Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes, which I intend visiting, after I am done in New Hampshire, on my way to Maine.

Last Tuesday morning Mr. Head and I went to Manchester, N. H., in his buggy, to attend to a little business. On our way thither we stopped to see the grave of General John Stark, who won the battle of Bennington, Vt., and whose death occurred in 1822. His granite monument can be seen from the Boston and Concord Railroad. We made a short call on Wentworth Grant, an old deaf-mute man, who is held in respect by the citizens of that city who know him, for his steady industry and honesty. I called to see the Rev. Mr. Sears on business, but, unfortunately, he was away; therefore I could not do anything. When he is back I may conduct a combined service with him, some time in September, but I do not know for certain.

The next morning Mr. Head and I took a very nice buggy ride to New Boston, N. H., took dinner with Mr. Almos Smith, a graduate of the Hartford school, and had pleasant chats with him and his deaf-mute brother, Iveers, for about two hours, our horse being tired. Mr. Smith kindly let us have his fresh one, which carried us ten miles, to Amherst, N. H., in two hours. We took Mr. Kent and his family by surprise, and passed the night with them very pleasantly. We called on Mr. and Mrs. John O. David and found them getting along as well as usual.

The next morning we bade good-bye to the Kent family and rode back to New Boston, where Mr. Smith treated us to a very good dinner, for which we had keen appetites. After a sojourn of but one hour, we got off with our well-rested horse, and stopped at Goffstown to see Mr. Willie E. White, who is about to enter the National Deaf-Mute College, if I do not mistake. His kind-hearted mother asked us to spend the night with her and Willie, but a previous engagement prevented our accepting. Leaving Goffstown, we reached this place in two hours, after a pretty quick trip of ten days, which did us good.

I found two letters awaiting my arrival, one of which came from Mr. I. Norris Austin, of Montrose, Penn., asking me to let him know the day and time I expect to reach that place, and I have already replied to it.

Mr. Almos Smith lives on a very fine farm, on which stand more than one thousand nice apple trees, which produced about four hundred barrels of fruit last fall. His deaf-mute brother Iveers may be properly called a deaf-mute magician; that is, he has healing power because he is the seventh son in the family. I am informed that it is generally believed in New Hampshire that the seventh son in every family can cure diseases in a manner mysterious to me.

Some time ago one of the people of Hooksett, N. H., had a son whose eyes were so sore that he could not attend school for two years. He was sent to the *deaf-mute enchanter*, or more properly called the magician, who cured his sore eyes. Then he returned home and can see well. His healing power is very mysterious to me. Many persons afflicted with diseases flock to him to be either examined or cured. I am told that he has healed successfully.

There is a deaf and dumb wizard in Virginia who can turn water into wine and do several other wonders. He has been declared able to beat Wyman, the wizard. His name is Mr. Amos Hollar.

I had almost forgotten to say that at the meeting of last Saturday night Mr. Brown, the chairman, told the audience that he had received a letter from Mr. Edmund Booth, of Anamosa, Ia., requesting him to assure them of his best wishes for the success of the mission. He conducts a newspaper ably, and is held in great esteem by those who know him. We had the pleasure of meeting him and his wife at Amherst last November.

I cannot close this without saying that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Head entertained the deaf-mute delegates at their own house, handsomely, during the session of the mission.

I go on northward to-morrow morning. Yours sincerely,

Job Turner.

—The yellow fever has been declared epidemic in Memphis, and deaths and suffering are not only increasing there, but also in other parts of the South.

—Rev. Dr. Buckley, of Brooklyn, recently lectured against theatre attendance by Christians at a camp-meeting in Chautauqua county, N. Y.

—William H. Vanderbilt has lately given $100,000 for the erection of a gymnasium and a civil engineering and scientific hall on the grounds of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 14, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

TEACH THE POOR TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

"What we want," says Miss Help, "is not to take care of the poor, but to teach the poor to take care of themselves. Some of what we call our charitable institutions make large collections, salary heavily several officers, and do most of their work in encouraging pauperism.. Some other of our institutions are managed by ladies who give their services freely, and who only salary their employes, as matrons or secretaries. They do a deal of good, and relieve a deal of misery. I have known many rescued from ruin by their means, but one great trouble with these institutions, is that the ladies do not know much about business, and next that they do not know much about the poor. In the way of business they often proceed on a basis of impossibilities, not having any business experience or practice; and for the poor, they regard them as all alike, differing about as much as potatoes in a barrel, some large and some small, some sound and some speckled, and so all to be treated generally in the same fashion. They do not recognize *individuality* in their poor; individuality and personal preferences seem to them to belong to good clothes and an income; they do not say so, but practically they follow this view, and so doing, they do not make the most and best possible out of their poor, and make them most readily, self-supporting, by following their natural bent. Now, talking of the business lack of these ladies' committees reminds me of a fact. I know one committee that had in hand a country home for an orphanage. They wanted to have a house moved nearly half a mile; to have it floored, plastered, painted, and a three room addition built on, and the whole building must have its siding renewed. They gave out the contract, changed their minds, and delayed three-times, and then demanded that the work should be done at the first time stated, giving just one month for the whole work; while the mere moving of the building and setting it on its new foundation required two weeks. The contractor protested, and pleaded the stripping and re-siding; one of the managers remarked that 'It should not take very long to pull off and tack on a few boards!' Not a manager of them knew anything about building or house-moving, and they ended by getting a poor house for half as much again as a good one should cost."

This is charity at its best to help a man into principles and habits which will give him permanent relief. It is more costly than to hand him a few dollars, it is true; for it takes your time and thought, and effort, as well as your money; but if you could give him a thousand dollars, instead of two, and he was worthy, you would gladly do it. Well, if you can give him a proper and saving habit, in a few years it probably will be worth several thousands of dollars to him. This kind of work takes skill and patience, and divine help, but it pays richly.

We are informed that certain charitable institutions in Chicago set far better tables than the average of the contributors to their support, and that they are otherwise extravagant. They are conducted upon a wrong principle. To teach each one how to help him or herself, would cost far less, and benefit the world a thousandfold more.

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF OLD AGE.

We commend these thoughts, from the Christian *Intelligencer*, to every gray-haired reader of the JOURNAL:

There is a dignity in old age which should command respect. The inspired book says: "The hoary head is a crown of glory," and yet old age is often spoken of slightingly and treated disrespectfully. This is greatly to be deplored, both because the younger folks lose so much of the benefit which they might receive from the varied experiences of those who have preceded them in the painful and dangerous journey of life and because the elder ones are deprived of the sweet companionship of those who could, if they would, do much to brighten their waning years.

There is no more harmonious, helpful friendship than when the old and the young walk together in loving confidence. True, the younger must be patient with the infirmities and conservations of age as it, in turn, needs to be tolerant with the impetuosity and enthusiasm of youth.

We connot help thinking that in many instances elderly people are themselves to blame for much of the indifference which is shown to them, and to which they are so naturally sensitive, inasmuch as they often withdraw into themselves, and do not accord to those who are coming on after them, and who are undergoing experiences like their own, that generous sympathy and consideration which would draw them closer together. Who should be so sympathizing in times of sorrow as those who have known trouble and suffered grief? Who so fitted to understand the peculiarities of childhood, to have patience with the waywardness and stormy sports of youth, to listen kindly and wisely to the confidences of shy lovers, or advise and assist in mapping out the future of a young couple just starting out in their new life as those who have gone before them, step by step, and know by experience the conditions and needs of each and every period?

Removed, as it were, from the more active duties of life, they have time and opportunities to cultivate friendships with the younger ones which may be even warm and abiding, and, having gained their loving respect, to drop words of counsel which shall be of infinite service to them in the future. We often hear elderly persons say, with a weary sigh, "I seem to be of no use to any one; nobody seems to care anything about me." This, we are sure, need not be. Love begets love, and there is no reason why grandpa and grandma may not be the centre of a faithful, loving circle, consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with all the little secrets, and sharers of all the pleasures of the family group. But they must make the advances, and always be the same, disinterested friends. Though young blood be hot, and impatient words bespoken, yet in time they will be regretted, forgiveness sought, and peace restored.

We have known the most beautiful friendships of this sort. We recall, especially, the friendship of one dear boy—who has now passed away in all his youth and promise—for his grandmother. It was a warm and enduring attachment. When discouraged, or sick, no place was so attractive as "grandmother's room," or so comfort- as grandmother's bed." Many a confidential talk they had together, and she had opportunity to give him many a word of caution as well as of cheer. And, now that his chair is vacant, one of her pleasantest recollections is the memory of his devoted affection for her.

SOMETHING OF A FAMILY.

One pleasant morning one of the lady teachers at the Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes took her little Kindergarten class out for a walk along the street, and on her return was met by an old woman who, when she observed the gleeful and laughing children following her, asked:

"Are them yourn?"
"What did you say?"
"Are them yourn?"
"They are deaf-mutes."
"O Lord, are them all deaf?"
"Yes."
"Are they yourn?"
"O no."
"Are you the matron?"
"I am the teacher."
"O Lord, what a trial."

CATCHING TROUT BY THE TAIL.

Mr. F. French, an angler as noted for his modesty as for his skill, writes as follows to the Buffalo *Express* regarding the habits of trout: "Almost any trout fisherman knows that the habits of the trout vary almost as much as the habits of those who fish for them, and this, too, in waters not remotely distant from each other, so that what Mr. Prime says may be true in regard to the localities in which he has fished. I know that they sometimes strike a fly with their tail before taking it into their mouth, as I have seen them do it in three several localities, but I do not believe it is their general custom.

"In 1876, while fishing for trout in Lake Ely, in the Adirondacks, I saw this done several times, and, as it was the first time I had ever seen it, I watched it with a good deal of interest. The water was very clear, and my cast from thirty to forty feet, so that I could see all their movements distinctly. I had taken several trout of one-half pound weight, which first struck with their tail, and made another cast, when a large fellow rose and struck the tail fly, a red ibis, with his tail; I struck hard at the same time, and hooked him through the roots of the tail, when he immediately had business at the bottom of the lake, and with his first rush took nearly fifty feet of line before I could snub him.

"How that reel did whizz! Then followed a series of rushes and plunges that makes my blood tingle to think of. He leaped into the air again and again, trying to shake himself loose, but he was firmly hooked, and that hook evidently spurred him to put forth his best efforts continually, for he kept me busy for nearly half an hour, and still seemed as fresh as ever, when I determined to see which was the stronger, his tail or my tackle and began reeling in.

The rod, an eight-ounce one, bent and quivered from tip to reel, and the line would occasionally twang like a bow-string as he jerked it taut in some of his fierce plunges; but line, rod, and tail all held, and I landed him on my raft—a plump beauty, weighing a trifle over two pounds—and my shout of triumph awoke the echoes in the old woods for miles around.

"I do not wish to be understood that all the trout in the lake struck with their tails first, but that I saw it done several times. I also saw it done several times about ten miles above Albany Bridge, where Perrine's Creek empties into the Oswegatchie River, and also saw a chub do the same thing, while fishing for trout just below the dam at Cranberry Lake, but have never witnessed it in any of the other lakes or streams in that vicinity. What I have seen convinces me that trout do sometimes take a fly in that way, but not generally.

—The steamer Brother Jonathan foundered off Point St. George, near Crescent City, Cal., in July, 1865. On board were about a million dollars, in her safe, in bullion and United States treasury notes. Parties have lately been working up the matter and discovered the wreck in twenty-two fathoms of water, about fifty fathoms from a submerged rock, on which she is supposed to have struck.

THE SILENT TOWER.

"Dr. John Hall's people refrained from hanging a bell in the tower of their church, on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-fifth street, and would not even suffer the clock to strike, lest the patients in St. Luke's Hospital, opposite, should be disturbed.—*Christian Union.*

It rises in silence and splendor,
In the light of the smiling day;
The lesson is touching and tender
To sufferers over the way.

It points to the bells that are ringing
In Heaven, unheard here below;
Where the choir celestial is singing,
Near the throne that is whiter than snow.

The music of silence is sweeter
Than the ringing of bells in towers;
It chords with the cadence whose metre
Is sweet as the wind-harp in flowers.

By the couches whose patients are sleeping,
And dreaming of visions above,
Two angels their vigils are keeping,
One is Mercy, the other is Love.

Not even the clock that's revealing
The passing away of the hour
Can disturb, with dolorous pealing—
Since Love struck it dumb in the tower.
—*George W. Bungay, in the Christian Union.*

SUNDAY READING.

LIFE'S DUTIES.

"One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each."

Would that we could all fully realize this. What a vast amount of fretting and grieving over our heavy burdens it might save us. As we never have but one day or one week at a time, so with life's real duties—each has its own time. Let us, therefore, endeavor each morning to learn the duties of that day; and if we are careful to search out the real from the fancied ones, and bend all our energies to the accomplishment of each one, we will find we are never overburdened with them, but that our strength is equal to our work. It is this trifling, frittering spirit, this doing things by halves, laboring with our hands, when our minds are far off, that causes us to becomes so completely bemired.

Help.

What a trifling word this seems to be, yet how important its meaning. For how greatly the little germ of goodness in this world does need the help of strong Christian hearts and hands. If all those professing to have the good of the cause of Christ at heart would unite to drive the enemy from the camp, who could estimate the result of their combined efforts? Would it not far exceed all their fancy might have painted?

If, instead of complaining of the wrong and injustice in the world, we would strike together, and each help restore, how much better the world would be for our living. If we would endeavor to make straight paths for our feet, what a great aid our example would be to our fellow men to walk in the way. In very truth, then, if all would help, what a little help it would require, and what a help we would be to each other. M. A. B.

The Gentleness of Christ.

No trait was more conspicuous in the character of the Saviour than that of His gentleness. With all His firmness and invincibility there was mingled that ineffable sweetness of temper which always gives power to one possessing it. He was never rash in His conduct, nor harsh in His rebukes. How calmly and patiently He bore with the infirmities of His disciples! With what matchless gentleness did He lead them along in their spiritual life! He was gentle toward all—the little children that were brought to Him for His blessing; the mothers that carried them; the disciples who would have driven them away. He manifested the same tender compassion towards all forms of suffering and hardship, towards all classes of men. Even in His withering rebukes there was the underlying gentle spirit. From the beginning to the end of His lovely life there was nothing inharmonious with the gentle spirit that reigned in His bosom and commanded the respect of His enemies and the tender love of His friends. Oh, if we could only possess and manifest on all occasions the tender gentleness of the Saviour.—*Banner of Holiness.*

Individuality.

Yes, in human lives there is the separate thread of every individuality, to be traced in its own distinctness from the beginning to the end, and having its especial place in the great pattern of earthly existence. Blessed are they who, keen-eyed, patient, and swift of hand, stand by the tangled web of circumstance, striving to trace the Master's original design, to make the tapestry perfect in its minutest parts. Overlooking none, esteeming all, seeing that nothing that comes from God's hand is superfluous or made without intent, they follow the separate line of each of the varied threads, and guide each to its own peculiar place. Perhaps when all the work is done, when the web is woven to the end, some small thing that many would have despised, or broken, or cast aside, or hidden out of sight, shall be found to be a thread of gold or of scarlet, or just the edge of shadow needed to make the line of beauty vivid and complete. —*Sunday Afternoon.*

Soft words do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams without any noise will make the traveler throw off his coat, which all the blustering wind could not do, but make him only bind it closer to him.

The richest legacy we can bestow upon those who come after us is the record of well-spent life.

SELECTED RECIPES.

To Make Cologne Water.—Most of the cologne water sold by the druggists is very poor stuff, cheaply made, and not worth smelling of. A recipe for making a really good, though comparatively expensive article, is thus given: Thoroughly dissolve a fluid dram of the oils of bergamot, orange, and rosemary each, with half a dram of neroli, and a pint of rectified (cologne) spirit. Another recipe is to mix with one pint of rectified spirit two fluid drams each of the oils of bergamot and lemon, one of the oil of orange, with three-quarters of a dram of neroli, and four drops of the essences of ambergris and musk. If afterwards distilled, this is said to be a perfect cologne; but it becomes exceedingly fine by being kept tightly stopped for two or three months to ripen and mellow before use.

How to Make Soap.—An authority on soap thus gives directions for making it from ashes: I first fill the hopper or leach with good strong ashes, that have been well burned, dampening them thoroughly, but not wet enough to drip, and let them stand two or three weeks before the lye is needed. Provide a barrel large enough to hold all the lye the hopper will make; pour water upon the ashes, and let the lye run down and fill the barrel. You will find the lye very strong at first, but it will grow gradually weaker, until that which comes from the ashes is not of much value. Keep trying the lye in the barrel with an egg; when the egg sinks in the lye, until all is covered, but a spot the size of your thumb-nail, then it is just right; stop the leach then, whether the barrel is full or not; it will not hurt, but will help the lye to stand awhile.

Tomato Catsup.—Cut out the stems and any imperfect spots from a peck of ripe tomatoes; put them into a porcelain kettle, giving each one a squeeze to break the skin as you throw it in. Boil until the pulp is dissolved and all the juice extracted; press through a cullander, and then strain through a hair sieve. Put over the fire with one ounce of salt, one ounce of mace, one tablespoonful of black pepper, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful of powdered cloves, seven tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, and one tablespoonful of celery seed tied in a muslin bag. Boil five or six hours, stirring very frequently to keep from burning. As it thickens it will stick to the bottom, and scorch very easily if not carefully stirred; it is a good plan to turn an old plate down on the bottom of the kettle to prevent this. Let it stand over night in a stone jar on the cellar floor. Then add a pint of strong vinegar, remove the bag of celery seed and bottle, sealing the corks. Keep in a cool, dark place. If kept in a very damp place through the hot weather there will be danger of turning sour. This is a most excellent catsup for general purposes, and is a fine sauce for roast meat or cold fowl. A tablespoonful added to meat gravies and to tomato soup will be found very nice.

A SOAP MINE.

A natural soap mine has been struck in Elko county, Nev. It is a remarkable stratum that rests horizontally in a steep bluff of volcanic matter which flanks the eastern side of Smith's Creek Valley. The stratum of steatite is from three to ten feet in diameter. It is easily worked, and the farmers, cattle men, and sheep-herders in that region all use the natural article for washing purposes. Chemically considered, this peculiar clay is a hydrated silicate of alumen, magnesia, potash, and lime. When the steatite is first dug from the stratum it looks like immense masses of mottled castile soap, the mottling element being a small percentage of iron oxide. A few days ago Professor Stewart, of Virginia City, received a sample of the soap, prepared by a firm in Elko, who have undertaken to introduce it into the market. It is similar in appearance to the castile soap sold in large bars. Nothing is added to the mineral but a trifle more alkali and some scenting extracts. Its detersive qualities are as powerful as those of any manufactured soap.

THE FOX AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Tom Hills, some time huntsman of the Old Surrey Hounds, was once sent to buy a fox in Leadenhall Market for service the next day. The commission was not at all to Tom's liking; but, obeying orders, he rode to town, got his fox, and putting him, securely strapped, legs upward, in a capacious pocket in his overcoat, turned his horse's head homeward. Somewhere about midnight he reached Streatham Common, to be suddenly stopped by the once familiar challenge:

"Your money or your life!"

"My money!" exclaimed Hills. "I haven't got any; I am only a servant, and you wouldn't take my life, surely?"

The highwayman told him to look sharp, emphasizing the injunction by pointing a pistol at the huntsman's head.

"Well, my man," said the latter, "we won't fall out. I want my life; so, as I've no money, suppose you must have money's worth. You'll find something quite as good in my pocket here; pray help yourself."

The robber's disengaged hand dived into Tom's pocket instantor, and Master Reynard's teeth closed as quickly upon it, causing the fellow to yell in dismay, and drop pistol and reins, while Tom galloped off at his best pace, leaving his unwelcome acquaintance to bandage his hand and digest his dissapointment at leisure.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—One thousand bankers met in convention at Saratoga August 6th.

—A beet sugar manufactory is being talked favorably at Baltimore.

—The post-office name of Fairport, N. Y., has been changed to Chatauqua.

—The business men of Elmira, N. Y., have organized a board of trade.

—A German theatre in Cincinnati, O., was damaged $10,000 by fire August 4th.

—J. W. Mead was killed at Syracuse, N. Y., by falling from a window in Congress Hall.

—Charles Nicholson, aged 18, was drowned in the Hudson River at Milton while bathing.

—An aged woman at Windsor Locks, Conn., died at a picnic which was given in her honor.

—Joseph Hancock, of Hamilton, Ont., fell thirty feet, fracturing his skull, and died shortly after.

—A fire at East Albany, N. Y., on the 4th inst., destroyed five buildings and damaged two others.

—The American Hotel at Glens Falls, N. Y., was partially destroyed by fire August 5th. Loss, $5,000.

—A Cape Town despatch states that there is fear of a famine in Zulu next year as no seed is being sowed.

—The body of an unknown man, having the appearance of a tramp, was found hanging to a tree in New York.

—Three men were arrested in New York recently charged with complicity with several others in the forgery of Brazilian notes.

—Eugene Canaquier, of Guttenburg, N. J., was found dead in his room with the appearance of having been dead for several days.

—Robert Jenkins & Son's pork-packing factory, at Baltimore, was damaged by fire $11,000, including building and stock, August 3d.

—Patrick McClutchy, a wealthy manufacturer, was run over and killed at Newark, N. J., while passing from one car to another at the depot.

—The railroad from Rochester to Irondequoit Bay was opened last week to Sea Breeze, on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad.

—Two suicides by drowning occurred at New York August 3d by jumping from boats into the water, and both men were unknown persons.

—A boy, apparently 14 years old, fell from the ferry-boat Farragut and was drowned in the East River between New York and Brooklyn.

—An incendiary fire at Volcano, W. Va., August 4th, destroyed the business part of the place and caused a loss roughly estimated at $100,000.

—Twenty-seven lives were lost by the wrecking of the iron steamship Louis David, of Antwerp, for Naples, during a fog off Ushant Island, France.

—A fire burned at Moulton, Me., August 3d, burning 17 buildings, the total loss being $25,000 with an insurance of about one-half that amount.

—At Cheyenne, Wy., by the upsetting of a buggy from a high bluff, in the evening of August 4th, William Cramer was instantly killed and Jacob Behrman badly hurt.

—The Reading Hardware Company at Reading, Pa., offers to compromise by paying their striking moulders 15 per cent. advance, which offer has probably been accepted.

—James Dettler and James Wager, notorious horse thieves, in jail at Napanee, Ont., brutally assaulted the keeper, left him for dead, and escaped on the night of the 3d inst.

—A Texan steer broke loose a few days ago in New York, produced considerable commotion among people on the streets through which he madly plunged, and was finally shot.

—It is rumored that George Wall & Co., East India merchants, of London and Colombo, have failed with liabilities of £300,000, the cause being attributed to losses on coffee in Ceylon.

—A telegram to Berlin from Stockholm announced that the steamer Vega, with the Arctic explorer Nordensgold on board, had been freed from ice and had passed into Behring's Strait.

—Between 50,000 and 100,000 persons from New York and its vicinity visited Coney Island on Sunday, the 3d inst., but, instead of finding a cool place there, they went "from the frying-pan into the fire."

—The death rate by yellow fever at Memphis is on the increase. The Howard Association is doing everything possible to relieve the sufferings of the fever-stricken people of that city and other parts of the South.

A Silent Traveler On The Nile.

We got on board the dahabeah by three o'clock, and availed ourselves of the fair wind to raise both sails and buzz on. Shortly we sighted an American dahabeah coming down, and we got our letters together to send over and ask to have them taken down to Sirch (the nearest railroad station) to be mailed. But as it approached we saw the flag inverted and hanging at half-mast. The blinds were all closed, and with the naked masks of the drifting boat, bespoke desolation! Elias, after exchanging shouts, told us that an American gentleman had taken the dahabeah, hoping to be benefited by his trip, he being an invalid; and after having gone to the first cataract, had died on his return. He was entirely alone. A sadder sight I have rarely seen, and we watched the silent boat as it drifted on, trying to think of the name of the engraving which came to our minds; a dreamy picture of a burial on the river.—*Up the Nile Correspondence, Buffalo Courier.*

SPAIN.

I had considered Spain to be a worked-out country; the undeveloped wealth of her natural resources is beyond all calculation. I had presupposed a people proud, intolerant, bigoted, indolent, shiftless, lawless. I have found an upper class courteous and considerate to their equals, kind and familiar to their inferiors, fairly liberal and enlightened in opinion, and very wide awake to the faults and shortcomings of their country; a peasantry full of self-respect, of manly independence, honest, hard working, frugal, law-abiding, sober. With such a grand substratum for national tranquility, prosperity, progress, how comes it that Spain is the home of chronic disorder, revolution, strife? Because a nightmare of fear, distrust, lethargy, paralyzed the country. To prosper in business, to be enterprising, to amass a little money was to become a prey. The goods and chattels of him who fell into the clutches of the black *alguacils* were the perquisites of a body of men craving for gold, and utterly irresponsible. Literature was made an engine of ignorance; government, one of plunder. The intelligence, talent, enterprise of the country was banished, destroyed or silenced.—*On Foot in Spain—Campion.*

STATUARY IN GENOA.

One of the most striking impressions of Genoa, says a letter-writer, is the profusion of statuary and carving which meets you everywhere. Most of the old palaces have fine work on the front, and it becomes more elaborate and imposing inside, where magnificent halls and massive stairways, whose entrance is very frequently a pair of colossal, crouching lions, lead you from room to room and floor to floor. In the streets the very walls of the common houses, particularly at the corners and over the doorways, at odd angles, and curious niches over little shops you find the images of an innumerable army of saints, the effigies often set up in the fashion of a little altar. Through the hotels and banks, and public buildings of every kind, are the statues of great men, modern and old. All this, besides the churches and parks and cemeteries and public gardens, which are crowded with rare and costly works. It is this wealth of marble, pure and white, and shaped with exquisite art, that has justly won for this city its well-merited title, "Genoa la Superba."

BEHOLD THE KING.

He loved her as his own soul, and he called on her last Sunday at her residence on South B street to put a $250 engagement ring upon her finger.

"Can we go down the stream of time, pet, in the same boat?"

"Yes, George, down to the shoreless sea of eternity, and beyond in the mystic spirit land our souls shall still entwine, and—Oh, there he goes, now!" and the young girl, tearing herself from George's arms, rushed to the window and looked out longingly for several minutes.

"What's the attraction?" asked the young man, somewhat annoyed.

"He's just too sweet for anything," murmured the maiden, too much absorbed to hear George's voice. Then he got up and looked out, and saw the "end-man" of the minstrel troupe passing along on the other side of the street, and fully understanding the situation calmly sat down and waited for the show to pass.—*Virginia Chronicle.*

A Brave Lady!

She Endures the Pain of a Severe Surgical Operation Without Taking Chloroform.

(*From the Courier.*)

Mrs. Schoonmaker, of Creek Locks, Ulster Co., N. Y., had the misfortune to entirely lose the sight of one of her eyes, through an accident, and endured painful inflammatory action therein for two long years;—the other eye finally becoming sympathetically affected, her general health seriously suffering; indeed, she was a mere wreck, a walking skeleton. In this terrible strait, she consulted Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who told her at once that the injured eye must be removed. She quietly but firmly said: "All right, Doctor, but don't give me chloroform. Let my husband sit by my side during the operation, and I will neither cry out or stir." The work was done, and the poor woman kept her word. Talk of soldierly courage! This showed greater pluck than it takes to face a hundred guns. To restore her general health and give tone and strength to the system, Dr. Kennedy then gave the "Favorite Remedy," which cleansed the blood and imparted new life to the long-suffering woman. She rapidly gained health and strength, and is now well. The "Favorite Remedy" is a priceless blessing to woman. No family should be without it. Your druggist has it. If not, send to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

—The Leadville *Chronicle* of July 30th said that potatoes could not be had at any price, that there had been but two sacks (one hundred pounds each) during the past week, and they were purchased for two of the hotels at fifteen cents a pound.

—A ship-canal is under contemplation that will shorten the water route one thousand miles between New York and New Orleans. The proposed canal is to be cut across the isthmus of Florida from Cedar Keys to the mouth of St. Johns River, and there is a reasonable prospect that it will soon be built.

RE-UNION PICNIC.

The deaf-mutes of Maryland will hold a Re-Union Picnic August 14th in Grove No. 3, Druil Hill Park, Baltimore city.

Deaf-mutes from every part of the State are expected to be present, and deaf-mutes from other States are respectfully invited to attend.

This picnic promises to be a very pleasant affair, and old friends and schoolmates will have an opportunity of seeing each other again, such as is rarely offered.

BALTIMOREAN.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

July	27	Cleveland, O.
August	3	Chicago, Ill.
"	10	New York.
"	17	" "
"	24	Columbus, O.
"	27	Buffalo, N. Y.
"	31	Cleveland, O.
Sept.	2	Akron, O.
"	5	Evansville, Ind.
"	7	Indianapolis, Ind.
"	14	Cleveland, O.
"	21	St. Louis, Mo.
"	22	Convent'n, St. Joseph, Mo.

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